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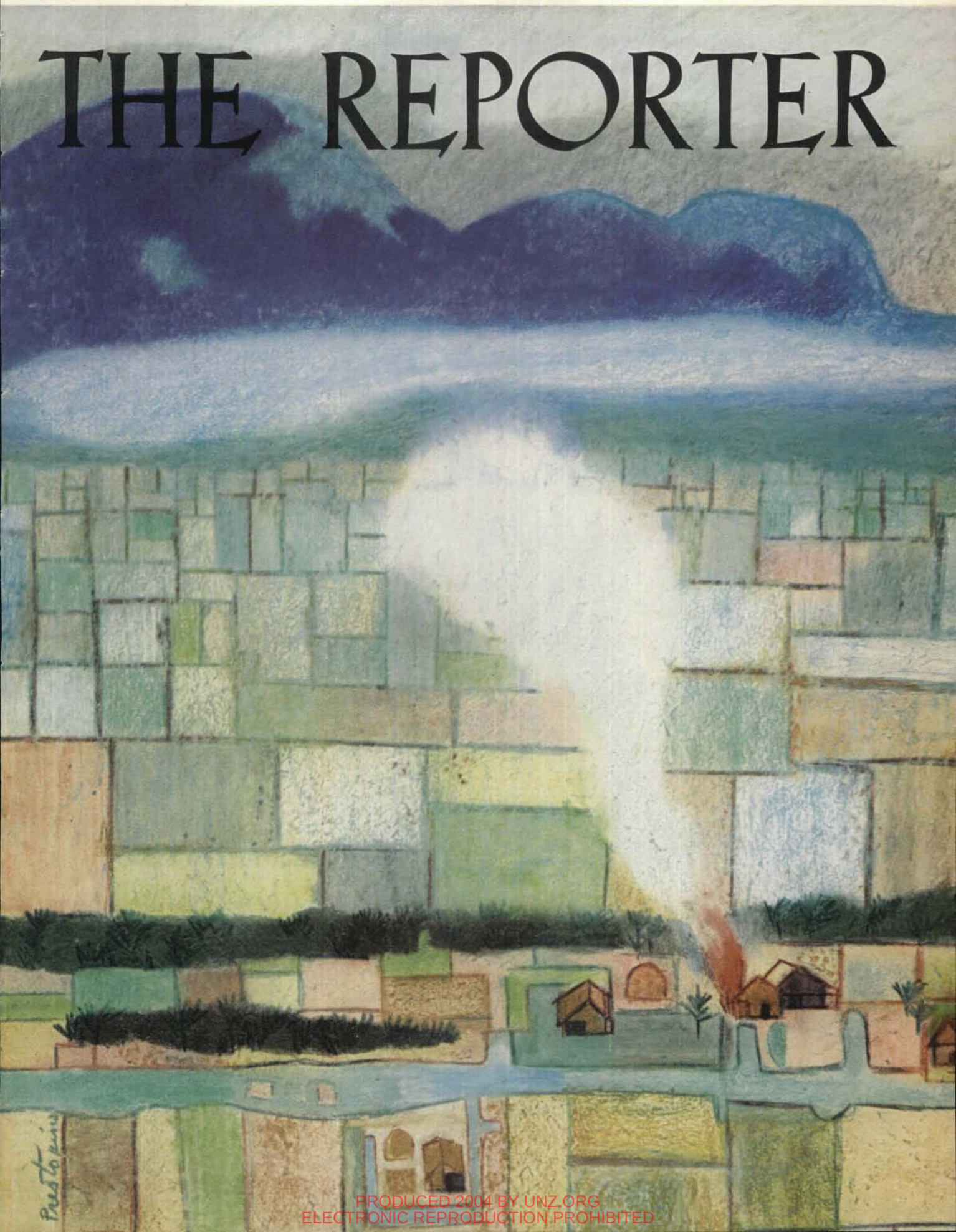
DC May 20, 1965 35¢

SUKARNO, THE WOULD-BE EMPEROR

# THE REPORTER



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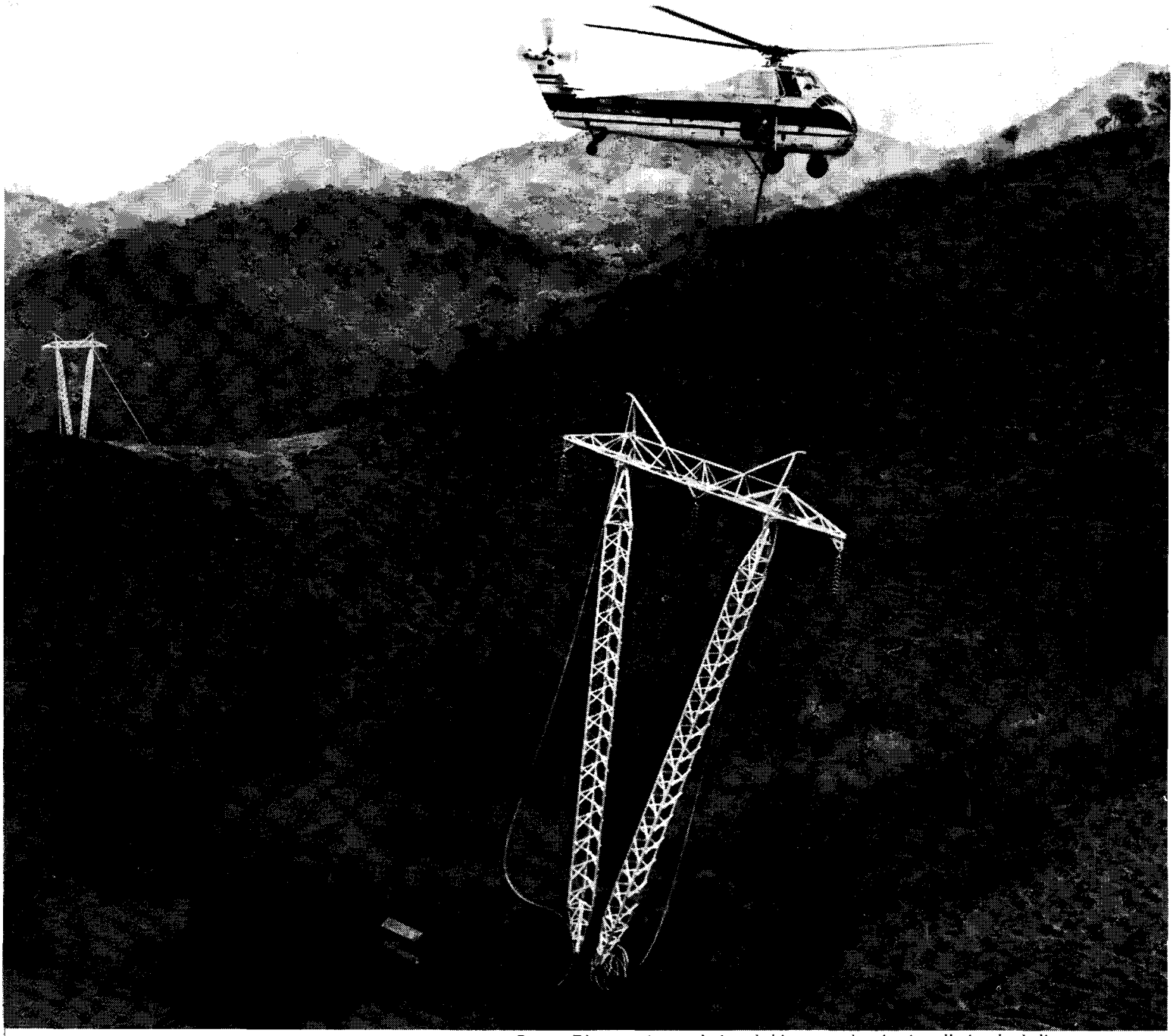

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*Progress report to U.S. industry:*

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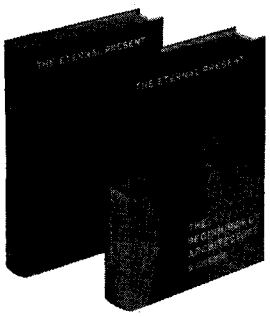

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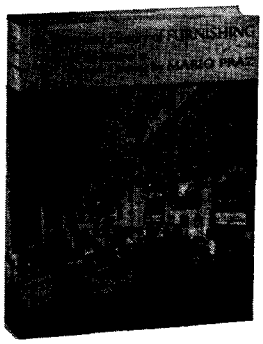

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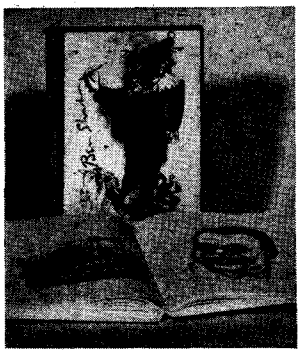

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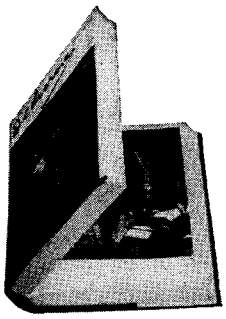

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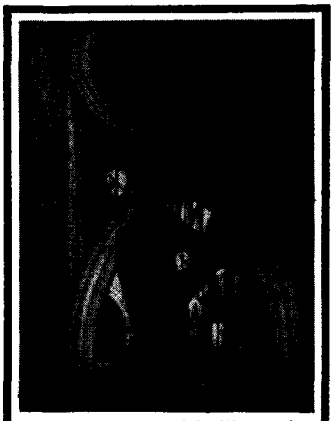

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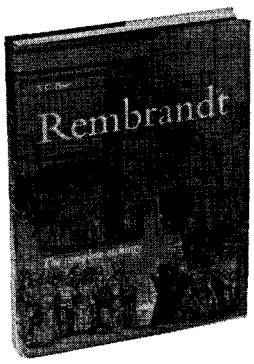


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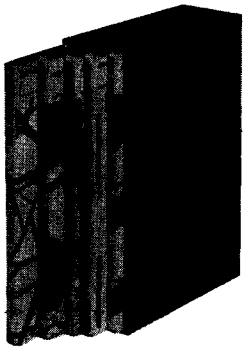

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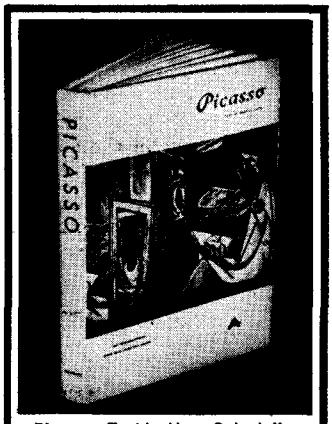


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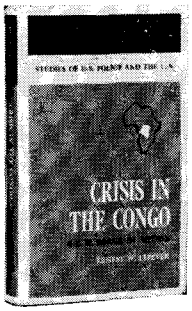


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# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, that incorrigible optimist, was proceeding full steam to get his Great Society functioning, full of confidence in the future of America, when a number of mistakes by the previous administrations caught up with him. In **Max Ascoli's** opinion, it is admirable how this man, accustomed to act big, think big, has almost overnight become skillful in the handling of details down to the last soldier fighting anywhere, avoiding both inaction and overaction in two such different areas as Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. The events in the two places have not much in common except that in both conflicts we are the target and the enemy in devious ways is the same.

Those two trouble spots where (at different stages of development) Communism is trying to establish its permanent rule make useful a survey of the gray area that by and large still calls itself neutralist—though whatever is left of neutralism lies between the Soviet and the Chinese brand of Communism. This close look has been provided by **Philippe Ben,** United Nations correspondent of *Le Monde* of Paris, who reports that at present China seems to be more influential in this area than the Soviet Union. . . . **Adolf A. Berle,** a man of authority in many fields, including Latin-American affairs, draws on his long experience with the Dominican Republic to assess—and approve—LBJ's action there and its timing.

INDONESIA offers an example of American intervention gone wrong. Granted that it may have been difficult to foresee where Sukarno—the self-proclaimed admirer of Thomas Jefferson—would lead his country, it is nevertheless now clear that United States pressure on the Netherlands to hand over West New Guinea and failure to support adequately the rebellion against Sukarno in 1958 materially strengthened a régime that now harbors the largest Communist Party in any country not officially Communist. **Denis Warner** has just won a citation from the Overseas Press Club for his Southeast Asia coverage for this magazine. . . . President de Gaulle's excessive cordiality to those who are creating problems for the United States produced a reception in Paris for Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko that visibly warmed the man Stalin used to say would feel at home on an iceberg. **Edmond Taylor** describes this "Mésentente Cordiale" on the banks of the Seine. . . . When the Democratic Study Group was formed five years ago it was usually described as a minority band of liberals joined to strengthen the Northern and Western Democratic representatives' position vis-à-vis the coalition of Southern Democrats and conservative Republicans. In the Eighty-ninth Congress the DSG has enough members to dominate the conservative coalition. The implications for the House are analyzed by **Paul Duke,** a member of the NBC News staff in Washington and **Arnold Sawsilak,** a UPI reporter. . . . The Great Society has drawn grand-scale plans for grappling with national problems. The men who will have to translate these plans into action, however, have problems of their own. One man's dilemma is described by **Barbara Carter.** . . . **George Bailey's** talents as a linguist, which he puts to good use as our correspondent in Central Europe, earned him a memorable translating assignment at Reims twenty years ago.

IN *The Reporter* of October 12, 1961, the first issue to appear after Dag Hammarskjöld's death, **Max Ascoli** wrote in a signed note:

"He made himself into the nearest possible approximation of a disembodied being, impartial and aloof, although he had few if any equals in his passionate devotion to Christian civilization." Our editor now gives his reaction to the intimate diary Dag Hammarskjöld left.

**Derek Morgan,** a former member of *The Reporter's* staff, is driving about his native island—nervously. . . . **Nat Hentoff's** *Jazz Country* (Harper & Row) is a winner in the annual Children's Spring Book Festival sponsored by the New York *Herald Tribune.* . . . **Nancy Price** has joined the faculty of the State College of Iowa. . . . *John Keats: The Making of a Poet* (Viking), by **Aileen Ward,** won the 1964 National Book Award in Arts and Letters; it also has won the Duff Cooper Prize in England. . . . **Erik Wensberg,** formerly editor of *Columbia University Forum,* is now on the staff of the New York *Times.*

Our cover, an impression of Vietnam, is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**


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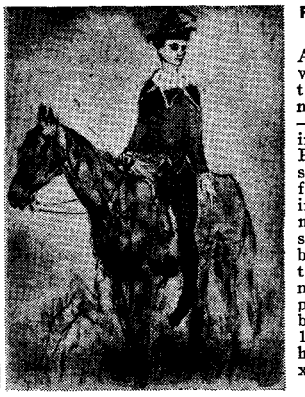

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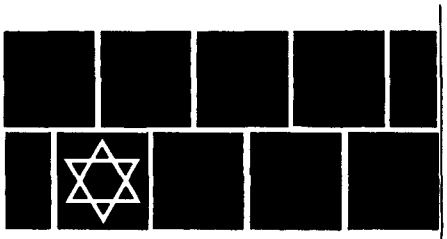

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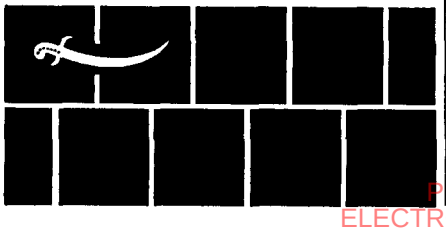


# CORRESPONDENCE

### THE INVESTIGATORS

**To the Editor:** Your Note on the House Un-American Activities ("HUAC versus the Klan," *The Reporter*, April 22) was excellent. It would certainly seem odd that a committee that has heretofore suppressed (or attempted to suppress) all radical or "undesirable" liberal actions should now undertake the investigation of a convulsive right-wing hate organization such as the Ku Klux Klan.

Although the membership of the HUAC has in the past few years become less reactionary, the fact is that in America there should be no need for such a committee. If we are truly free, we should be able to accept and tolerate any and all dissenting political or ideological philosophies. Suppression of them is no substitute for attempting to understand them.

ISAAC GREEN
Denver

### THE TWO GERMANYS

**To the Editor:** In "The Price of German Unity" (*The Reporter*, April 22), Henry A. Kissinger has analyzed Germany's relations with its western allies and its reunification problem with his usual keen insight into the substance of the problem. I have no quarrel with his analysis and particularly with his argument that anything should be avoided that would enhance the status of the East German régime. But I believe that his suggestions for a possible solution of the German problem contain a number of major flaws.

Professor Kissinger seems to think that the whole problem can be solved simply by separating the ideological and the power-political issues. His solution: "to separate the issue of self-determination [of the East Germans] from that of unification for an interim period, say fifteen years." East Germany would presumably be somehow "democratized" following free elections conditioned on previous Soviet troop withdrawal. I am sure that neither Professor Kissinger nor anybody else has any doubts that these elections would bring a disastrous defeat for the Socialist Unity Party if only one non-Communist party were allowed to compete freely in the election campaign. But to be established in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the electorate, the new government would then be compelled to maintain the autonomous existence of East Germany in some sort of loose confederation with the Federal Republic. Just how could such a decision be implemented in practice? My answer is that it couldn't be. No force in the world could stop the Germans from taking reunification into their own hands.

But there is another flaw in Professor Kissinger's proposed solution. He is quite aware that to remove Germany as a potential menace in Europe requires its integration into a wider European or Atlantic community. He makes it abundantly clear that the united Germany of the future should "participate as a respected and equal member" in such a united Europe. But that, as I am sure Professor Kissinger would admit, is about the last thing the Soviets would like to see.

Isn't it a little more realistic to expect that an East-West détente must precede German unification and to hope, therefore, that the chance for internal and ideological changes in the Soviet Union over the next fifteen years is greater than the chance for Professor Kissinger's fifteen-year-plan?

HORST DUHNKE
California State College
Hayward

### THE DIRKSEN AMENDMENT

**To the Editor:** After reading Julius Duscha's "Senator Dirksen's Unexpected Allies" (*The Reporter*, April 22), I was struck by the failure of the Republicans and rural interests to see a basic and destructive flaw in their opposition to the one-man, one-vote principle in state reapportionment. Their stand, though directed at preserving the power of certain minorities in state legislatures, may actually help to destroy state powers and to bring about the very thing that supporters of the Dirksen amendment condemn, the expansion of Federal authority into realms once possessed by the states.

If the true believers in local government knew what was good for them, they would support state reapportionment on the one-man, one-vote principle, thereby creating strong, democratic, majority-supported state governments that would have the strength to resist Federal intrusions.

GILBERT W. HALES
State College, Pennsylvania

**To the Editor:** As our world becomes more complicated, more and more people tend to see everything in terms of all good and all bad. *The Reporter* deserves commendation because Julius Duscha's article on reapportionment avoided the black-or-white approach. There were, however, a few slight inaccuracies in the piece.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States is backing a Constitutional amendment similar to that proposed by Senator Dirksen. It is our belief that a one-man, one-vote basis of apportionment in one house of a bicameral legislature is highly desirable, while the second house should be apportioned on factors in addition to but including population. We do not wish to remove the question from judicial review, and neither does Senator Dirksen, as a careful reading of the currently recessed Senate hearings clearly shows.

Some misguided supporters of one man, one vote charge that the Dirksen proposal would do violence to the civil-



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rights struggle. Perhaps they do not know that under the principle of one man, one vote, a Negro minority can be perpetually submerged, never able to elect its own choice to the state legislatures. Several devices can be and now are being used to accomplish that end. One such is to run seats on an at-large basis in an area that is slightly over fifty per cent white. By using such tactics, the Negro minority is effectively submerged without providing a direct challenge to the districting on Constitutional grounds. Such at-large districting has thus far been upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court.

VERNON J. MENARD
Public Affairs Department
Chamber of Commerce of
the United States
Washington, D.C.

## RECONSTRUCTIONS

**To the Editor:** Kenneth S. Lynn's review of Kenneth Stampp's new book on the Reconstruction era ("How Bad Was Reconstruction?," *The Reporter*, April 22) must have provoked many sad sighs among those scholars who have been laboring in that particular vineyard. Strangely enough, Professor Lynn seeks to argue with some of the very points that will prove least arguable to people better versed than he in Reconstruction history. To assume that there would have been any marked difference in Reconstruction had Lincoln survived Booth's bullet, one must forget that Stevens, Julian, Wade, Sumner, Stanton, *et al.* also lived, that governments dominated by ex-Confederates would rule in the South before 1865 was out, that Black Codes would be passed, that riots would find scores of Negro victims in Memphis and New Orleans, and that Northern men just emerged from a bitter war that had cost them 360,000 dead were most unlikely to countenance such atrocities regardless of who occupied the White House. The "if Lincoln had lived" school of Reconstruction history is undoubtedly responsible for more romantic claptrap than all others combined.

Lynn's concluding sentence also reveals grave lack of understanding of the period: "In any event the use of Federal power, indispensable in our own time to the success of the civil-rights movement, was not the cure for social injustice a hundred years ago." A more thorough knowledge of the actions of Southern whites in 1865 and 1866 would reveal to Mr. Lynn that in fact Federal intervention in the affairs of Southern states was absolutely necessary; violence, murder, peonage, and legal oppression were far more general then than now. For the central government to have failed to act would have constituted an unthinkable resignation of responsibility.

PAUL C. PALMER
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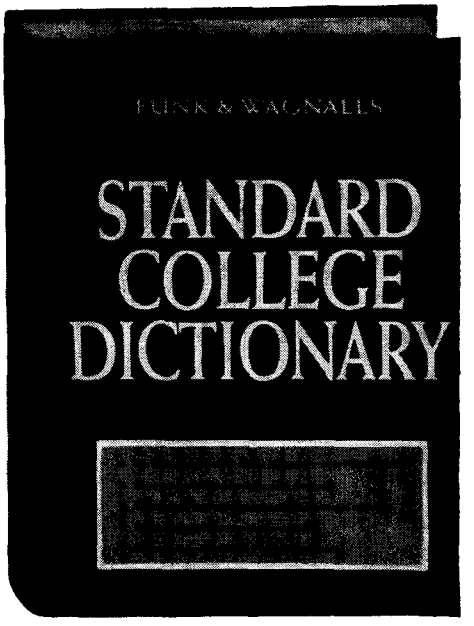

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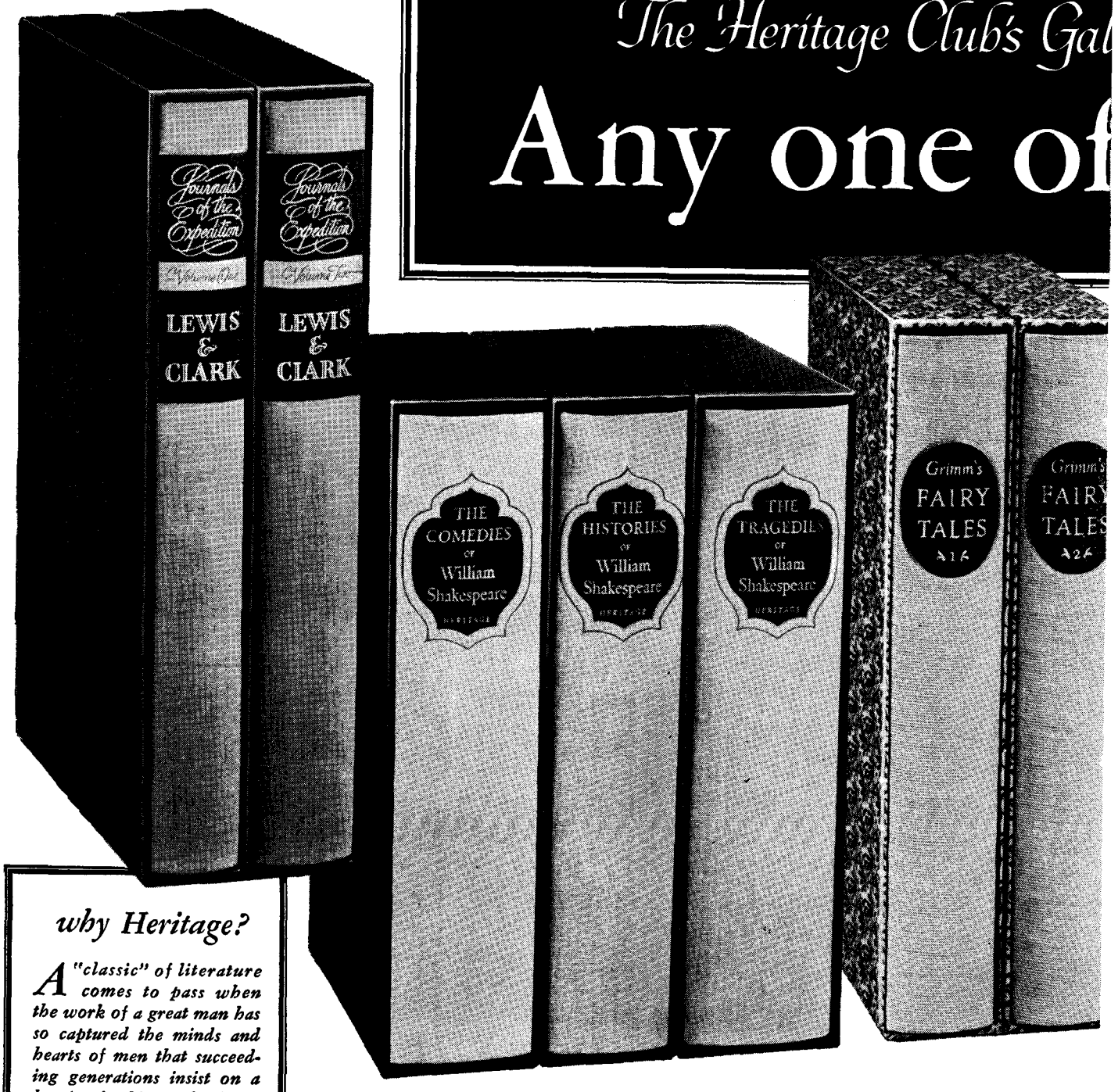


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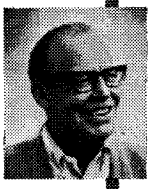

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# THE REPORTER'S NOTES

## The Right to Travel

In 1962, Louis Zemel of Middlefield, Connecticut, asked the State Department to endorse his passport for travel to Cuba, which had recently been declared off-limits to American tourists. When the department refused his request he went into court, challenging both its statutory and Constitutional authority thus to restrict the areas of his travel. Mr. Zemel lost. Early this month, with three dissenting votes, the Supreme Court upheld the department's authority on both counts, and the decision is expected to have an effect on related cases now pending.

What exactly did the court decide and how did it arrive at its decision? Arguing for the majority, Chief Justice Earl Warren declared that while there is no legislative history explicitly affirming the department's right to "authorize area restrictions," the language of the Passport Act of 1926 is broad enough to permit it to do so. He also cited the fact that the State Department had been proclaiming various nations out of bounds for many years, from which the majority concluded that Congress, by failing to object, had tacitly approved the whole business. On the Constitutional question, Warren observed that although the "right to travel" is protected by and is related to the First and Fifth Amendments, it is not absolute. It is subject to restriction by the Secretary of State in view of "the changeable and explosive nature of contemporary international relations, and the fact that the Executive is immediately privy to information which cannot be swiftly presented to, evaluated by, and acted upon by the legislature . . . ." Justice Hugo Black, dissenting, argued that Congress, which could itself legislate passport restrictions, was not constitutionally empowered to pass on its powers to the Executive. Justice Goldberg, also dissenting, argued that Congress could grant such discretionary power to the Executive if it wished to do so, but that in point of fact it never had. He rejected the theory of tacit approval. There was, however, one point on which everyone seemed to agree: for better or for worse, the discretion that had been granted to the department in these matters was very broad indeed.

If the reasoning in the Zemel decision seemed somewhat shaky at times, it is probably due to the aimlessness that has characterized a good deal of government policy on passport granting over the years and the makeshift quality of many of its legal cases, based as they are on a precedent here, a bit of law here, a bit of law there, and an administrative ruling somewhere else. In variously affirming and denying such requests as come before it, the court has unavoidably created—at least for the time being—something of a swamp where passport law is concerned.

When violators of department regulations seek to re-enter the country they face an extremely complicated situation. Because of a Fifth Court of Appeals decision, some with passports declared invalid can re-enter in Miami, New Orleans, and other ports in that court's jurisdiction without incurring the charges that would be brought if they re-entered at New York. A group of students and pseudo-students who visited Cuba in 1963 and 1964 face indictments under a section of the Immigration and Nationality Act that makes it unlawful to leave or enter the country during a proclaimed national emergency without a valid passport. And since we are still legally in the throes of the Korean emergency, their passports were invalidated. When we asked a State Department official why the offenders had been



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readmitted and whether Immigration officers would not be guilty of a violation for having done so, we were informed that the statute only said it was unlawful to re-enter the country without a valid passport—not that such persons shouldn't be admitted.

While we believe that Chief Justice Warren's declaration that the "right to travel" can properly be inhibited in the national interest is a self-evident proposition, it does seem to us that Justice Goldberg's objections to the procedures for granting or refusing passport rights with only limited and haphazard judicial guidance were well taken. "In view of the Constitutional basis of the right to travel," he wrote, "the legal and practical necessity for passports, and the absence of a longstanding Executive practice of imposing area restrictions, I would rule here . . . that passport restrictions may be imposed only when Congress, consistent with constitutional guarantees, makes provision therefore 'in explicit terms' . . ."

### In The Shadow of Trujillo

One of the sadder casualties of the Dominican crisis is the reputation of former President Juan Bosch. At his inauguration, guests included the leading Latin-American democrats, Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela, José Figueres of Costa Rica, and Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico. Bosch was hailed as a worthy addition to their ranks, as indeed his record of opposition to Trujillo, his campaign promises of reforms, and his stature as a writer and intellectual entitled him to be.

While Bosch's performance as president did not live up to the expectations of many of his admirers outside the republic, his overthrow by a right-wing military coup after seven months in office made him a martyr and he remained a popular figure to the Dominican people. The rebel leaders were counting on his prestige among democrats at home and abroad when they announced that the purpose of their April 25 coup was to restore Bosch to the presidency. In the first days of the revolt, politicians of Bosch's outlawed Dominican Revolutionary Party hung around rebel headquarters; street demonstrators carried "We Want Bosch" banners. Bosch himself, it was said, was waiting in Puerto Rico until he could return.

But Bosch, probably the one man, because of the reputation he acquired—more by his absence than by his record as president—who could have dominated the chaotic rebel movement, chose to remain in San Juan, where he made a succession of embittered and tendentious statements to the press in the manner of professional exiled politicians everywhere. By his failure to assume the leadership of the revolt launched in his name, he discouraged many of his followers, who took refuge in embassies in Santo Domingo, and left the way clear for the disciplined leftists to move into positions of influence at the side of "president" Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deño.

The lack of responsible political leaders in all parties is one of the most serious problems confronting the Organization of American States and the United States as they work to clear up the mess in Santo Domingo. Neither Caamaño nor the counter-revolutionary military junta is apt to win recognition, or deserves to. But where is leadership to come from? This is another tragic result of the long dark night that was called "the Era of Trujillo."

●

One of the most galling things in the whole affair is that the Dominican Republic is the Spanish-speaking section of an island—Hispaniola, discovered by Columbus. Another is the Republic of Haiti, where the local dictator, "Papa Doc" Duvalier, is exerting the most cruel dictatorship in the Americas today. But Haiti has always managed to remain a member of the OAS and sometimes takes a dissenting position which it is willing to abandon, for a consideration. It was sad to see Haiti in the forefront of the republics ready to join forces with the United States.

### "How-to"

Inevitably, an enterprising publisher, Charles C Thomas of Springfield, Illinois, has brought out a "How-to" series for police officers.



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In it, various front-line practitioners deal with such predictable bureaucratic problems as report writing and personnel management, though there are hints of a harsher reality in such titles as *Police Ju Jitsu* and *Police Roadblock Operations.*

One less routine police problem has grown more pressing in recent years, and the publisher was prompt to deal with it. In 1962 he brought out *Race Tensions and the Police* by Chief J. E. Curry and Captain Glen D. King of the by now famous Dallas Police Department. The authors have set forth with admirable insight and equity the ideal race attitudes of a police officer. They assume that prejudice exists in their calling, as in others, but they consider it a mark of professionalism to learn that there is no inherent difference between races. Their attack on prejudice and their warning that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure would receive nothing but applause at a gathering of the NAACP. If the book has a wide Southern circulation, perhaps career-mindedness would be an adequate substitute for open-mindedness.

If a copy of the Dallas officers' book falls into the hands of Juby E. Towler, another author in the series, and captain in the Danville, Virginia, force, it might lead him to tone down the old-time Dixie flavor of his own book, *The Police Role in Racial Conflicts,* in a possible second edition. "It must be considered that the Negro race may or may not have an inherent weakness for being easily incited to action," Captain Towler writes. ". . . They gather, work themselves into a frenzy, march with a purpose to break the law, resist arrest . . . by going limp, refuse to answer any questions, and then fight court action with a multitude of twisted motions and appeals." He has a good word, of course, for "the mass of Negro populations . . . good citizens . . . [who] do not want to see the communities torn. . . . Remove those who have a criminal record, those who are juveniles, and the outside agitators from the civil-rights demonstrators, and very few would be left."

But Captain Towler is a professional, too. What *do* the police do

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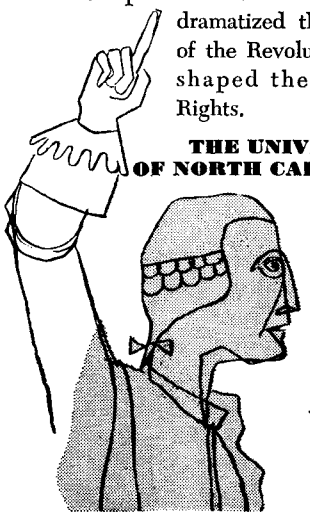




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# THE REPORTER Puzzle

## Acrostickler No. 126

by HENRY ALLEN

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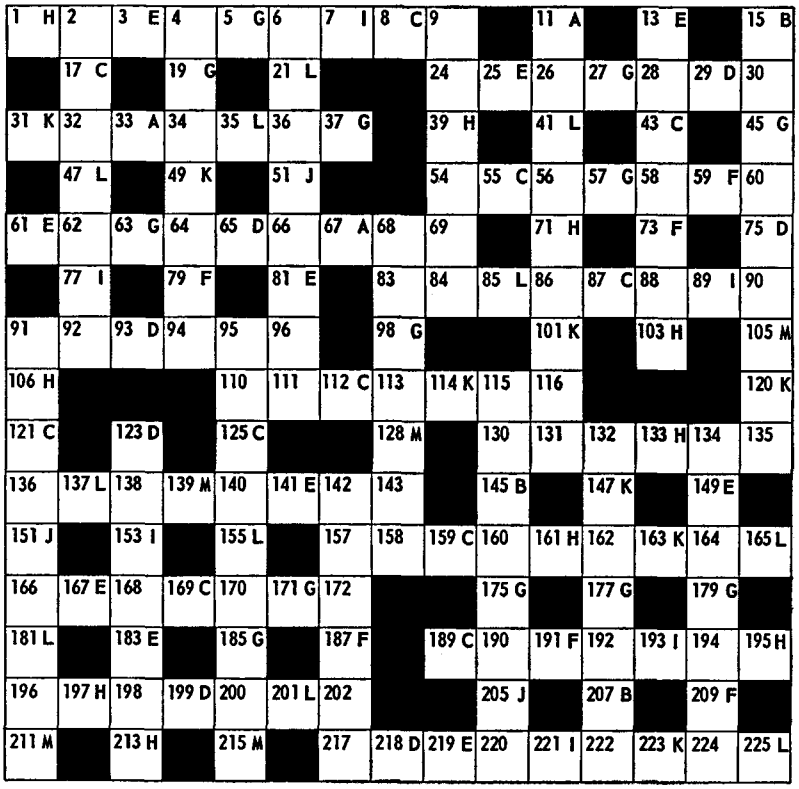
**DIRECTIONS**

*1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.*
*2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.*
*3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.*




A 33 67 11 A column in a Buddhist building corresponding to the Greek stele.

B 145 15 207 Incite; urge on.

C 8 87 55 112 169 17 125 43 189 121 159 Accept something unlikely or unpleasant (7,4) (slang).

D 75 93 29 218 123 199 65 Double.

E 81 183 13 61 219 25 167 3 149 141 An inn in the orient, perhaps. (4,6).

F 59 187 73 79 209 191 A groove intended to receive another member.

G 63 27 185 5 45 175 179 19 171 37 57 177 98 The Acrostician is this of 142 down (5,8).

H 195 106 1 197 133 103 161 71 39 213 Ossification in the substance of a cartilage.

I 193 221 153 7 77 89 Hot or burning.

J 205 51 151 To betray (slang).

K 31 147 101 163 114 120 223 49 Pertaining to secretions of the bursae.

L 137 85 47 21 155 41 201 165 181 35 225 A commonplace father (8,3).

M 215 105 128 139 211 Common laborer (English).

### ACROSS

1. Dress about a meal and go to such slumber.
24. Man o' war, but not a vessel.
31. Alas, Sam makes obeisances.
54. Fanfare in cosmopolitan Tara's halls.
61. Take this path. Debit it and take a lukewarm ablution (5,4).
83. Together with wit, there!
91. Give new aid to the Saxon girl.
110. Animate even lining when gin is dropped.
130. A serf as Slav or Hindu.
136. Persuade with little Vincent.
157. Put my roast on with such science.
166. Most of 110 across I'd take with such horrid noise (4,3).
189. Put a toga on her. She'll fly into a terrible temper (3,4).
196. A poet holds a South American pot without a dock mooring.
217. Fat and dreary for the rear spar (5,4).

### DOWN

2. The darn ode leads to the thoroughfare conclusion (4,3).
4. A kind of excuse that may be banal twice over (2,5).
6. I blame an excellent vegetable (4,4).
9. She has wit to hasten (Scottish).
11. Are antennas suitable for a shrine lattice?
13. Vulgar invitation to stab it, I note (3,1,3).
15. One of Pharaoh's plagues or ovation to Nero? (5,4).
68. Invites her out. It prospers.
91. Said of legislation or, improperly, of a role? (7,2).
95. Nain holds an east wind but gets blown about by tribal adoptee (3,6).
115. Not the word of Poe's raven eternally.
123. Where to find the time or phone numbers (2,5).
132. Muscular operation sounds a bit like energy for evil deeds.
134. The man just below a knight finds a germ in the air.
142. Bailiwick of the Acrostician.

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when a large crowd of Negroes lie down on a sidewalk and refuse to budge? They have to be careful, especially if there are any photographers around. Easy with the nightstick, boys, and keep cool—here, have a piece of gum or something. A little staging helps. If a "huge policeman" selects "a very small subject" to arrest, it "will get a laugh. This is good. It relieves the tension."

Captain Towler, with a not inconsiderable fictional flair, cites a hypothetical danger: "The officer has worked himself into a hurry. He and his partner have been picking up mostly young male prisoners—one of them at the feet and legs and the other one handling the arms and shoulders. The last two or three, they have literally tossed into the van-type truck. The young prisoners had rolled over rather roughly and gotten to their feet unhurt. The officers' activity has drawn the attention of civil-rights observers and the television camera, because here is what they are looking for—action. The next prisoner the officers grab in continuing their pace is a sixty-five-year-old man with a silver plate in his head. That plate is the first thing that hits the bed of the truck when he is tossed, and these two officers are in serious trouble. Their plight is not helped by the fact that the silver plate in the man's head was put there during World War II." (The hypothetical sixty-five-year-old is dead, by the way.) "The police department is in trouble, because the camera has made an eyewitness record of reckless police action. . . . This one dead prisoner is the whole event. The camera didn't record the careful arrests."

It is difficult not to be moved by Captain Towler's concern for the plight of his fellow officers and his bitterness against the photographers. The profession has to stick together. But, then, to quote Captain Towler's concluding sentence: "Civilization cannot long endure where unbiased law enforcement does not prevail." A rather narrowly professional view. We might add: and until we have gotten rid of the biases that put the biased laws on the books. When will we learn "how to"?

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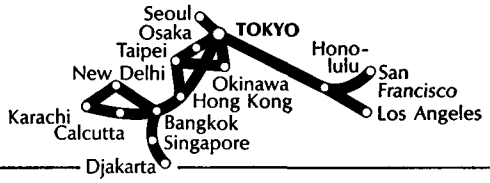


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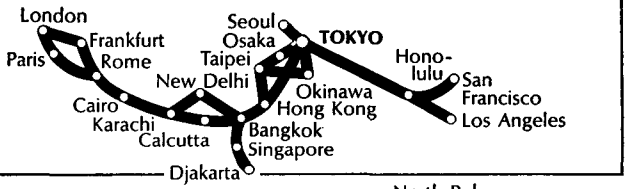


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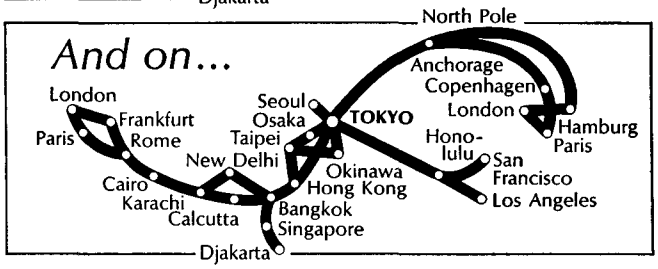


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# Our No-Nonsense President

In Vietnam and in the Dominican Republic, President Johnson has more than ever before exhibited his immoderate passion for detail, a passion nourished now by a technology that keeps him in close touch with the soldiers whose lives are endangered by the use he makes of his authority. This consuming passion for personal intervention has been characteristic of Lyndon Johnson ever since he started his career in politics, but as long as it could be thought of as a superb exhibit of a wheeler-dealer talent, it was more admired or envied by his fellow politicians than criticized. He has always known how to make people vote freely as he wanted them to vote. But he had been spared, until comparatively recently, the experience of giving men orders that involved the risk of their life. Neither had he had occasion to command that any wholesale category of people called enemies be killed.

His immense knowledge of domestic politics used to be accompanied by a limited acquaintance with international affairs. When during the Eisenhower administration he was Senate Majority Leader, he played a part, although a secondary one, in all major decisions affecting the conduct of our diplomacy; during the Kennedy administration he became more closely associated with the making of American policy abroad, sat on the National Security Council, traveled widely, and established relationships with statesmen and camel drivers.

Still, as is the case with every Vice-President, the ultimate responsibility did not lie with him. Once President, he asserted himself from the start as if supreme authority were connatural with his being, and his subsequent triumphal election showed to what an extent the nation recognized itself in him. Somehow it also happened that he had no compelling international difficulties to face for a time, a respite he used to lay his plans for the nation's future. He had known poverty and the difficulty of getting an adequate education, and he had known success. He could not legislate his luck for everybody, but he wanted to see to it that a new American breed could grow free from the cruelties of hazard.

The new perils from abroad that came in the first year of Lyndon Johnson's elective Presidency were singularly mean, originating in some of the most improbable spots on earth, either in lands too far away or too close to our shores. In the distant lands, we were hampered by inadequate knowledge of their strategic and political relevance; in the lands close to us, we had always tended to act as colonizers or as imitation natives. Our present perils have been aggravated by the policies of the preceding administrations and by obdurate ways of thinking that are mostly inspired by a desire to negotiate our way toward peace.

Day in and day out, we hear the same old chatter about spheres of influence or about the benefit of polycentrism; we hear about the splintering of monoliths so reassuringly keeping pace with the splintering of what was never a monolith, our alliance. Even before the last war the idea was cherished of the miraculous solidarity and legal equality of the nations, great, medium, or pocket-size, all called American, all sticking together, each of them going its own merry way.

President Johnson is not a man inclined to look for trouble in foreign affairs until trouble stares him in the face. Then he reacts, and if he has to react militarily, he does so without any of the bravado of the movie frontiersman shooting from the hip. Now his responsibilities have become far greater than any within the previous range of his experience, and this experience he is compelled to broaden, for it has been the inactions or mistakes of some of his predecessors that have placed him in his present predicament. He cannot, for instance, look back for guidance in his action in Vietnam even if he reaches the conclusion that what is going on there is just a civil war. There was another civil war, in Hungary in 1956, but the West carefully avoided intervening. Should he derive from this the notion that whenever Communism, indigenous or imported, fights a civil war, its victory should be considered a natural right?

Vice-President Johnson was in Berlin a very few days after the wall was erected. He saw there what defeat looks like. Under the administration Mr. Johnson served as Vice-President, there occurred the Bay of Pigs tragedy, and then the missile crisis, which ended without on-site inspection. Once Cuba was made safe for Communism, is there any reason to be surprised that Communism started spreading all around?

In Southeast Asia the President is unrolling his air attacks, each one because of his will and each one under his watchful eyes. As for the Dominican Republic, he reached his decision with great speed, without consulting many people aside from those strictly charged with giving him advice. There is scarcely any comparison between the two situations, except that in running both, he exhibits a supreme sense of personal responsibility. Why is he so over-committed? people ask. We venture an answer: he is Lyndon B. Johnson, President of the United States.



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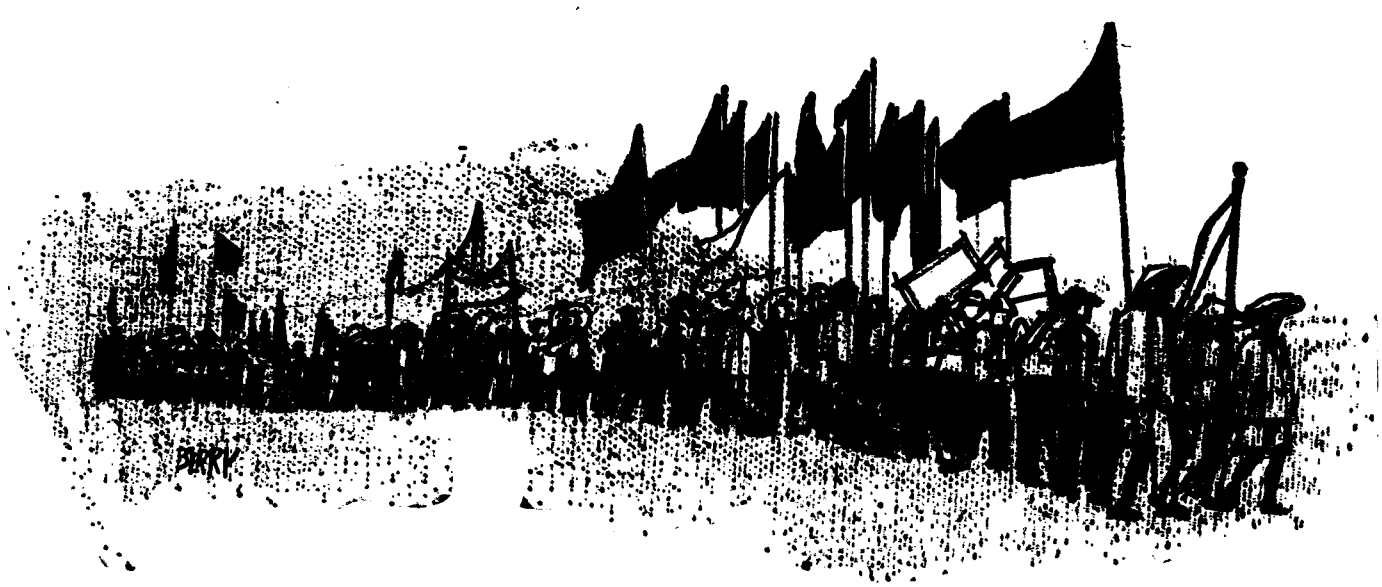

# The Dead End of Nonalignment

**PHILIPPE BEN**

"In Africa we are not really much concerned with the war in Vietnam. We see it as a contest between the two superpowers: the United States and China. Their interests are not our interests. And anyhow we can do nothing to influence their attitudes," a leading diplomat from one of the more important African countries said recently. It was perhaps the first time I had heard Communist China, rather than the Soviet Union, coupled with the United States as one of the two competing superpowers.

"Terrible things happen," another diplomat, a U.N. representative of a "liberal" Communist country, said to me when I asked him what he felt about the war in Vietnam. "American bombs are falling on a socialist country and the Soviet Union does nothing. People in our country, and others throughout the socialist camp, are now asking: what became of the promises of Soviet spokesmen, from Nikita Khrushchev and Marshal Malinovsky to those countless boastful Soviet generals, that if the imperialists dared to fire one shot against a socialist country, they would immediately be the target of overwhelming Soviet reprisals? Do you know what consequences this Soviet helplessness in the face of American bombing of North Vietnam must have in my country? In other countries around us? In Russia? Throughout Asia, Africa, Latin America? It is just terrible."

### Rice Paddies and Hand Grenades

An African diplomat whose country is one of the more moderate and efficiently governed of the French-speaking group describes African reactions to current events: "Of course we do not like the American bombing of North Vietnam. Not that we feel any special racial affinity with the Asians. As a matter of fact, in almost all our countries we have troubles with the Indians, the Pakistanis, and the Arabs. But we know that Vietnam has only recently emerged from colonial rule, as we did. And if we blame the Americans, we also blame the Chinese. Both are guilty of using the Vietnamese as their pawns. But there is more than that, because in my country and in many other African countries, the only power we are afraid of, the only power whose shadow we already feel, is not the United States or Russia. It is Communist China."

And he had a long story to tell about the role Communist China is now playing in the Dark Continent. "One cannot deny that to a certain degree Africans are fascinated by the Chinese. In every bazaar in my country, in all the villages, they are talking about the Chinese experts who went to Mali to start rice paddies. Can you imagine what an immense thing it would be to grow great quantities of rice in Africa? To teach the peasants there how to conserve precious water by cheap methods that don't require elaborate installations? They talk about the Chinese in Africa because wherever they go, they live in native houses, sleep on the floor, eat with the natives, and need little money. And everywhere they go they ridicule the whites—especially the Russians. Not much need be said about how the Americans look to the Africans. They are 'the superwhites,' to be trusted even less than the French, the Belgians, or the British, because they are obviously so uncomfortable in Africa, and behave so strangely, and are so naïve. As for the Russians, it is fantastic how they fail to adapt to Africa, how unsuitably dressed they are, how often their cars break down, how they suffer from the African diet and African heat, how incapable they are of grasping African psychol-


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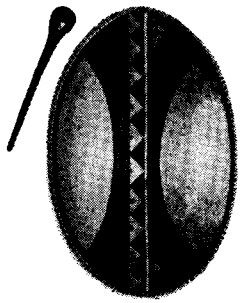
ogy, how stiff and ridiculous their behavior seems. An average African sees the Russians as infinitely less efficient, prosperous, and skilled than those whites with whom he has had to live for centuries. No wonder that the Russians are such a failure in Africa; no wonder that one can count them out, at least for the time being."

But there is another side to the impact that Communist China is now making on Africa. And the diplomat was as frank about it as he was about the first: "Though we know that the Chinese, in Mali and elsewhere, have shown local people how to grow rice by channeling rainwater, and that they teach the African peasants many other useful things, we also know that many of these experts and other Chinese teach selected people how to use light weapons—automatic rifles, machine guns, grenades—how to plant mines and how to use explosives. And we know, too, that there are Africans from almost every country of our continent undergoing military schooling and political indoctrination in China. We know that there are Chinese instructors training refugees from many African countries in Ghana. They may be doing similar things in the Brazzaville Congo. No wonder that we in Africa are both impressed by Communist China and afraid of it. We consider it the only power interested in toppling existing governments on our continent. This is the most important thing in the minds of the people who rule the independent African states today. And if you want to understand where Africa stands on Vietnam and on many other world issues, you must take this into consideration."

In order to appreciate better the extent to which the shadow of China is now falling on Africa, it must be added that the deep division between moderate and radical states in Africa is exacerbated by the conviction that such countries as Algeria, Ghana, Guinea, Mali, and the United Arab Republic, representing the hard core of radicals in Africa, are already quite closely aligned with China. The first two especially, generally considered the *enfants terribles* of Africa, are seen as perpetually eager to send other countries loads of light weapons, often made in China, a clutch of politicians to plot against their legitimate governments, and, for training in their military camps, a mob of youths who for one reason or another have left their home countries. Rightly or wrongly, most of Africa's moderate rulers blame Peking for all these.

### The Unloved Americans

But even among the alleged "Chinese faction" of Africa, the reaction to the American bombing of North Vietnam is sometimes not what one would expect. "It is too bad that nobody seems to be able to stop the Americans. Not even the Chinese. It is too bad. But it is a fact nobody can ignore," a representative at the U.N. of one pro-Chinese country remarked. And among many nonaligned African representatives there was a lot of shoulder shrugging and ironic smiling in reply to the question of how the raids on Vietnam affected America's moral standing. America's moral standing? Was there ever anything of the kind? Many of the nonaligned and some



of the very much aligned Africans and Asians were not sure. But most of them *were* sure that the Americans looked a bit more distasteful to them than before—and also a lot more awe-inspiring. And if for the time being distaste seems to dominate, it is because most Afro-Asians still believe, though with perhaps less conviction than they did a month or two ago, that the Americans will lose. And unloved and much-blamed as the Americans are, probably more than half of Africa's independent black governments hope that the United States will win in Vietnam. At the very least, they hope that American prestige will not suffer a crushing blow, because this would have immediate and multiple repercussions everywhere on the Dark Continent, as well as on the rest of the world.

Many African and Asian diplomats do not hesitate to point privately to Peking as the main obstacle to any peace talks in Vietnam, now that President Johnson's Baltimore speech has removed the obstacles from the American side. In discussions with some ultraneutralist Asians, including a few who have recently visited Hanoi, and with U.N. officials in close touch with Southeast Asia, the view emerges that if the North Vietnamese leaders were free to make their own decisions, they would have agreed to negotiate some weeks ago. It is difficult to see what they could lose by negotiation, and it is obvious how much they could gain: any settlement would leave the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam a dominating political force and make its assumption of power in Saigon only a question of time. As it is generally believed that the permanent division of Vietnam was, and still is, unacceptable to Hanoi primarily because South Vietnamese rice is necessary to feed its population, a political victory for the Vietcong would mean attainment of the goal for which Hanoi has fought for so long.

BUT the Hanoi leaders are not their own masters—this is the conclusion of everyone at the United Nations, including the Russians, the Cambodians, the Yugoslavs, and other highly vociferous anti-Americans. North Vietnam is one of the most isolated countries of the world, isolated from every nation except China. It is almost exclusively dependent on Chinese good will and aid, despite the traditional animosity between the Indochinese and the Chinese. And Peking has no interest in a sudden ending of the war in Vietnam. On the contrary, the longer the war lasts, the better the long-range interests of China will be served. Chinese reasoning is described by some of the more sophisticated observers in this way: the fact that every day American bombs fall on North Vietnam with no Russian reaction is undermining the Soviet position as leader of the



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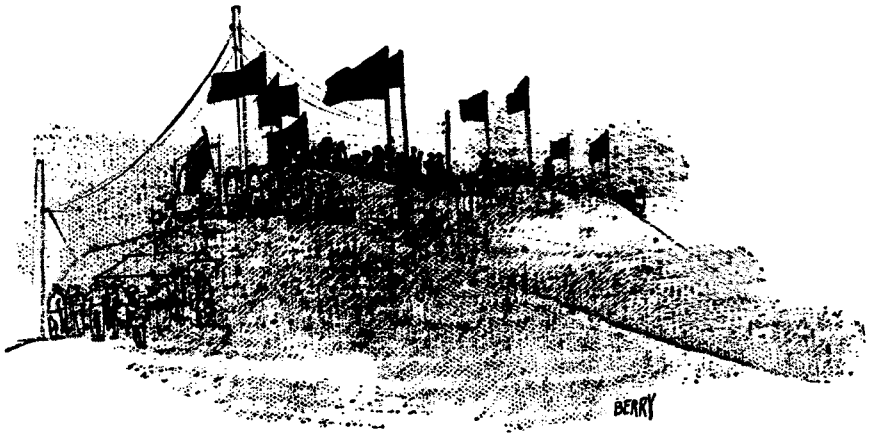
Communist camp and damaging Soviet prestige. Reports from every Communist and nonaligned capital confirm this Chinese assessment of the war's effect. And the leaders in Peking believe that the erosion of Soviet leadership automatically means their own advancement to the top of the Communist bloc, for, apparently, Chinese failure to react to the American bombings has not resulted in a loss of face comparable to that suffered by the Soviets. The reason is that the Chinese have never tried to pose as a military and industrial giant, as the Russians do. On the contrary, they have always presented themselves as poor and technically backward; their only boast is that with bare hands and iron will they have created great things. And, they say, there is no reason why other poor countries in Africa and Asia cannot create the same things, provided they adopt Chinese methods. Therefore the Afro-Asians do not blame them for being unable to stand up to the Americans.

Experienced observers do not share the widespread view that Communist China is about to intervene in Vietnam by sending massive land forces there. Although the Chinese leaders evidently tell foreign visitors that they expect American bombing raids on their country at any moment, they do not really believe it themselves. These same observers see President Johnson as facing a situation somewhat similar to President Truman's in 1950, in which Truman decided against American raids north of the Yalu, though the provocation in Korea was incomparably greater than it is now in Vietnam. They do not believe that Johnson will order raids against China unless there is a massive Chinese intervention in Vietnam. And, therefore, the Peking leaders are quite willing to fight the war to the last North Vietnamese soldier.

The Chinese probably calculate that as the war in Vietnam goes on and the Americans realize that their bombing of North Vietnam is not going to stop it, Washington will eventually undertake another agonizing reappraisal of its policy similar to the one marked by the Baltimore speech. The United States will come to realize that the war can be ended only by negotiating with the people who are doing the actual fighting, the Vietcong. Observers are well aware of the immense difficulties of selecting the participants in any future negotiations. There are many factions on both sides without any clear-cut authority. Well-informed diplomats reject the official Washington view that the Vietcong is only an arm of Hanoi. While acknowledging Hanoi's paramountcy, they say that the Vietcong and its political superstructure, the National Liberation Front, consist of many groups whose divergent interests would become apparent when the time came to sit at the negotiating table. They envision a similar situation on the American side: clearly a Saigon régime may not see eye to eye with the United States and, what is perhaps even more important, the many factions in Saigon will certainly have their own divergent opinions. And yet when the negotiations do come they will concern what from the viewpoint of Washington and Peking is only a "local problem"—that of Vietnam. For both great capitals the over-all problem of Southeast Asia will remain.




### The Yalu Parallel

In the corridors of the United Nations and at Washington diplomatic cocktail parties, one meets a few people, some Asians and some Europeans with experience of China, who believe that the real and ultimate aim of the Chinese leaders is a bilateral negotiation with the United States on all of Southeast Asia, possibly even on the entire Far East.

Most observers I spoke with rather doubt that Communist China will intervene in Vietnam as it did fifteen years ago in Korea; they doubt even more that the Russian leaders plan any large-scale involvement on the side of North Vietnam, all official pronouncements notwithstanding. The installation of Soviet ground-to-air missiles in North Vietnam is already proving difficult. If the American bombing of North Vietnam is causing despair in Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, and Sofia, as well as in Moscow, it is because in addition to undermining the Soviet position, and therefore the position of the satellite countries (which, despite all talk of greater freedom, depend very much on Soviet authority), Vietnam also evokes unhappy memories of the Korean War. Though none of the European Communist countries participated in that war, all of them were forced by Stalin to make substantial contributions to North Korea, contributions of goods and matériel that were never paid for. And moreover, at the outbreak of the Korean War Stalin started an arms race in those countries, with a corresponding restriction of consumer goods and strengthening of the secret police. The events of 1956 in Poland and Hungary, and the changes in all the satellite states since that time, were largely set off by the stresses of the Korean War.

It is not surprising, then, that the Communist leaders dread the idea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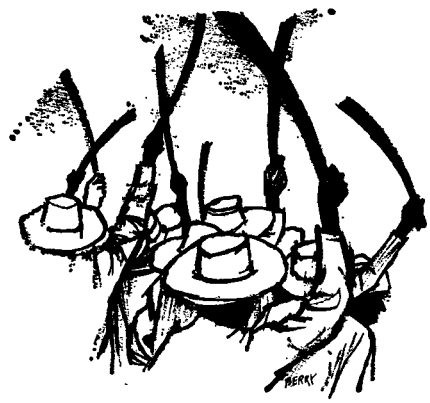
that Vietnam could develop into a second Korea. They can be relied upon to do anything to prevent that. Diplomats from the satellite countries are quite frank in explaining that escalation of the war in Vietnam would run counter to their vital aims. For a long time, they have hoped that 1965 would be the year that relations between the European branch of the Communist camp and the United States would undergo a substantial thaw, even more marked than the one that followed the signing of the nuclear test-ban treaty. Their economies badly need more trade with the United States, as well as American surplus food and American credits. All these now seem remote. And yet their chaotic economies can hardly wait.

The Romanians, for example, show a markedly aloof and unruffled attitude toward Vietnam; though they condemn the United States in a few brief words, they immediately add that their policy is directed purely by their own national interests, confirming once more that their country is no longer a full-fledged member of the Soviet bloc. By contrast, Romania's neighbors, the Yugoslavs, never looked more unhappy and have not been so vehemently anti-American since 1948. They do not try to conceal their dismay over the prospect of Chinese leadership of the Communist bloc. And they have good reason to worry. The Yugoslavs, after all, consider themselves the originators of the idea of nonalignment, and for years they were proud to be the self-appointed leaders of the nonaligned countries. They are now paying, in loss of prestige, the price of China's ascendancy in the camp they themselves helped to establish. And they fear that they will have to pay a still higher price.

THUS, as a consequence of the war in Vietnam, all blocs are disintegrating; everybody is angry with everybody else. And as the world sees that war, it is not what group rules in Saigon or whether the 17th parallel will continue to be the frontier of two states that is at stake but, rather, the emerging relationship between the two giants: the United States and Communist China.



# A Stitch in Time

**ADOLF A. BERLE**

ON APRIL 28, 1965, after two days of painful conferences and consideration, President Lyndon Johnson ordered a detachment of Marines to land in the Dominican Republic. The writer, who began his career fighting to end Woodrow Wilson's occupation of that country, believes the President made the right decision.

The President had to act immediately on a telephone report from Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett, Jr. —that hundreds of Americans were in danger and strong action was needed to save their lives. In the larger view, he had reports indicating a steady infiltration into the republic of guerrillas trained in Cuba and Czechoslovakia, and of more coming. This was a further move in the continuing Communist campaign of subversion and aggression in the Caribbean. An uprising designed to reinstate Juan Bosch—who was duly elected President of the Dominican Republic in December, 1962, but ousted by a military coup in September, 1963—had provided the opportunity for a simultaneous rising by organized Communist groups. Within forty-eight hours the Bosch partisans, seeking democratic government, were infiltrated and then dominated by the trained Communist elements, and many of the Bosch leaders sought refuge in foreign embassies. As the pro-Bosch forces lost control, they opened the army arsenals to "the people." Not surprisingly, the Communist groups got most of the arms. Finally Mr. Johnson had to consider the effect of a possible Communist seizure of Santo Domingo in the vast context of Communist aggression from Vietnam to Africa.

I think that the President had little choice. He could have called in the Organization of American States, asked it to go to work, and stopped there. But the OAS has no guns and needs time to decide; meanwhile, events were moving dangerously fast. He could have sat by, praying for the American lives and watching unlimited bloodshed as Dominicans killed each other, then dealing as best he could with the outcome. This would have meant continuation of a fierce civil war, supplied with arms and reinforcements from Cuba. In that case, the President might face a Dominican Republic in the hands of a Castro-style régime established by sheer terror. Or the President could act, creating the situation himself. He elected to act.

THE ELEMENTS he had to work with were not promising. Juan Bosch had been elected in 1962 by some sixty-five per cent of the Dominican voters. His government had received all the support the United States could give. It was acclaimed as a worthy companion to the democratic governments of Venezuela, Colombia, and Costa Rica. Unhappily, there was little solid party organization behind Bosch. Thirty-one years of



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Trujillo dictatorship had wiped out practically every vestige of political structure. Bosch himself, honest and idealistic, a well-known Latin-American literary figure, found trouble in managing affairs of state. Some of his supporters intrigued with the Communists or with the military. An ill-fated Castro-supported expedition of Dominican leftists and Cuban "volunteers" against Santo Domingo in 1959 had left behind a nucleus, the 14th of June Party, that caused intermittent trouble. Two Communist parties, respectively Russian- and Chinese-oriented, were allowed to function. Castro Communists were also infiltrating some important labor unions.

Some Dominican Army officers and also some civilian elements believed that doors were being opened for a Communist take-over, in which case they would have their throats cut. That fear led General Elias Wessín y Wessín and other army chiefs to bring off the coup in September, 1963, that sent Bosch into exile. The United States and the democratic governments in the Caribbean protested. For a time, Washington cut off its aid, technical help, and other assistance.

The generals, however, did not follow the usual pattern. Declining to form a military government, they installed a civilian triumvirate that last year gave way to the régime of the former foreign minister, Donald Reid Cabral. His brother had been murdered by Trujillo; he himself had been imprisoned. He is the son of a Scot and a Dominican mother. Though Reid Cabral's régime was illegitimate, the American embassy came to respect him. He was moving toward re-establishment of "legitimacy"—that is, the holding of elections scheduled for September. Cautiously, the United States government was moving to sustain his hand. He endeavored to bring order out of administrative chaos, to pull together the Dominican economy, and to bring the army under civilian control. Many army officers disliked this. Some were pro-Bosch; others perhaps had played with the Communist agents. At all events, these elements planned an uprising, scheduled for June 1, to bring back Juan Bosch. Discovery of this plan forced action on April 25. The officers' revolt simultaneously, and apparently unintentionally, cleared the way for the armed emergence of the Communist guerrillas.

**Making Our Stand Clear**

Meanwhile, the Caribbean situation assumed importance on the world-wide stage. Former President Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela insists that in Latin America the Communist factions linked to Moscow and Peking still work together. They co-operate in any action that may make trouble for the United States and in working to overthrow non-Communist governments. They had been unsuccessful in Venezuela, Brazil, and other countries, but they still have small units in armed revolt in Venezuela, Colombia, and Guatemala. Their technique of infiltrating genuine democratic movements and later seizing them has proved successful, as when Castro concealed his Communist affiliations until he had taken over. The probability has to be faced that the Communist Frente de Liberación Nacional in Venezuela, the "violence areas" in Colombia, and the dissolved Guatemalan Communist Party will all become actively terrorist.

The myth had grown up in Communist circles that the United States cannot act in Latin America. American doctrine does indeed prohibit intervention. Too often that has been interpreted to keep Latin-American rebellions armed, organized, financed, and directed in other countries from being recognized as the external attacks they really are. American doctrine does consider an attack on any American state as an attack on all, giving rise to the right of defense.

The time had come to make several things clear if the whole Caribbean was not to erupt:

¶ That the United States would no longer be immobilized by the fiction that externally armed uprisings were merely local movements for reform.

¶ That "nonintervention" in the internal affairs of a country does not prevent the United States from defending a country attacked from outside—despite the camouflage of "internal revolution."

¶ That further attacks of the Castro variety cannot count on immunity from American force on a scale adequate to meet the contingency.

¶ That the United States cannot afford another Cuba—particularly not in the Caribbean. The President's action made this clear—to Latin America, to Peking, and to Moscow.

"Adverse Latin-American opinion" was urged as an argument against action. Actually, Latin America expects the United States to act and does not respect us much when we fail to do so. Argentina and Brazil promptly approved President Johnson's action. Costa Rica reportedly offered "freedom fighters." The Council of the Organization of American States sent a peace-mediating commission; it arrived in Santo Domingo on May 2. The protest has not developed to the extent feared. Until Latin-American governments are willing to give the OAS the forces and capacity to defend weak countries, the United States offers those governments their only effective defense, and they know it. Both before and after the Bay of Pigs affair, when the OAS was paralyzed by indecision, many Latin-American diplomats said to me they thought the United States should act first and discuss later. Officially they may decry our action, but they want the power vacuum filled.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has filled it. He will have many problems as a result. They are, I believe, less dangerous than the problems he would have faced had he stood aside. No one forgets that failure to take decisive action against Castro in 1961 brought us to the brink of nuclear war with the Soviet Union in 1962.

If the President had not acted, what would have been the outcome? No one will ever know. The rebels might have restored the Bosch régime, though this seems unlikely. The Dominican Army might have produced a dictator, perhaps a new Trujillo. The Communist groups might have seized the government, making a new Cuba. They might have taken to the hills, opening a new chapter of guerrilla bloodshed against either the forces of Wessín y Wessín or of a democratic Bosch régime. The least dangerous course for the President was to take the initiative and dominate events.



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# Sukarno, The Would-Be Emperor

DENIS WARNER

DJAKARTA

"NO PEACEFUL coexistence is possible between the new emerging forces and the old established forces, or between the imperialist and anti-imperialist forces," said a joint statement issued in Peking on January 28 by Marshal Chen Yi, China's foreign minister, and Dr. Subandrio, deputy premier and foreign minister of Indonesia. To those who listened to, or read, President Sukarno's independence day speech last August 17, this should hardly have been a revelation. Neither would it have surprised anyone who has seen the official murals that cover every inch of every available Djakarta wall with heroic scenes showing the courageous legions of NEFOS (the new emerging forces) locked in bloody but ever-triumphant combat with the decadent weaklings of OLDEFOS (the old established forces).

In the murals on the long stretch of wall outside the Foreign Office, President Sukarno stands martially at a microphone "building the world anew"; in another scene, he imperiously points the way for the NEFOS heroes to throw Malaysia's cringing Tengku Abdul Rahman into the Strait of Malacca. The West, often characterized by a figure lampooning the U.S. ambassador, Howard P. Jones, receives a multicolored defeat a hundred times a day. Whether the West has "put Indonesia in the same basket as Communist China," as Subandrio recently insisted to me in a long and sometimes emotional interview, or whether Indonesia has freely made its own choice, the fact remains that, as Communist China's de facto ally, the country ranks second to none in anti-western revolutionary zeal and intention.

With President Sukarno's approval, it has embarked on a course that, if carried to a logical conclusion, will make it a fully qualified member of the already ill-assorted international Communist camp. The most likely alternative, that Indonesia might follow a Nasser-like pattern of xenophobic, expansionist anti-westernism, is only relatively less disturbing.

"You are mistaken if you think Sukarno just wants to crush Malaysia," said a thoroughly disillusioned Asian diplomat. "It may sound absurd, but he wants nothing less than the world." This is an exaggeration: what Sukarno wants is his place in history, and there is no doubt that he believes he can achieve it. Faced with the choice of becoming Indonesia's Peter the Great or its Lenin, he has chosen to be its Lenin.

For a long time "guided democracy," or NASAKOM, the misalliance of nationalism, religion, and Communism that is Sukarno's creation, and the concept of conflict between NEFOS on the one hand and OLDEFOS and NEKOLIM (neo-colonialism) on the other, both seemed a monstrous joke. They were regarded as partly make-believe and, like the Malaysian confrontation, partly an attempt to divert the attention of the long-suffering Indonesian people from their appalling domestic troubles. Indeed, there were many Indonesians who predicted that the whole Sukarno-created structure would come tumbling down as soon as he died and that level-headed people would then be able to take over the country and put it in order. Others remained convinced that once Sukarno had gone, the army would put down the Communists and all would be well again. Still others prophesied Indonesia's economic collapse. But in view of recent developments, all these evaluations need re-examination.

### 'Slamming the Wheel Around'

The constant anti-western propaganda has had a deep effect. "Retooling," the Indonesian euphemism for ideological indoctrination, begins at the primary-school level and embraces the entire community; even senior civil servants are not spared hours of brainwashing and military training. High-school students spend three-quarters of their time in ideological work, or at demonstrations. The results are no doubt gratifying to the government. "Don't think that only the Communists are anti-Amer-



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ican," said Dr. Subandrio. "Everyone is anti-American. I'm anti-American, anti their policies."

I repeated this to a member of the U.S. embassy staff, who mused about it for a moment and then replied: "He's pretty close to right, you know. There's no difference in the capital between PKI [Communist] and PNI [Nationalist] attitudes, and, as you know, it was the Muslim youth group that invaded the ambassador's residence."

The act of "slamming the wheel around," Sukarno's own description of the policy changes that abruptly brought Indonesia and China together, caused widespread confusion at home; predictably the Communists have emerged stronger than ever. At the same time, it shattered the always dubious notion that the president would preserve the political balance by tipping the scales to the Right if ever they became overweighted to the Left.

Sukarno has been close to the Communists all his adult life, although he had strong differences of view with the "old-liners" who preceded the present leadership that emerged in 1952 with D. N. Aidit, the young and highly skillful party chairman. Sukarno regarded the old-timers as Moscow puppets and was too much of a nationalist himself to join the party. He also believed that classic Communism relied too heavily on the proletariat and industrialization. As he sees it, Chinese Communism has avoided these errors; better still, the Indonesian Communist Party under Aidit has tailored itself to Sukarno's ideological eccentricities, accepting, though with every indication of tongue in cheek, the five principles of *Pantjasila* (belief in God, humanism, nationalism, democracy, and social justice). Sukarno does not always do what Aidit recommends, but Aidit seldom pursues a course that he knows Sukarno will not approve. The result is a steady accretion of party strength and power through youth, student, labor, peasant, and cultural organizations and the constant erosion of all anti-Communist positions of strength.

Potentially powerful groups of Indonesians still say they are determined to move before the point of no return has been reached. There are signs of disaffection among certain army commanders. The Muslim religion, or a large number of its adherents, also remains as a possible counter-revolutionary force. In east and central Java its youth groups have been battling with the Communists for months and blood has been flowing freely.

Both Sukarno and Subandrio are aware of the articulate anti-Communism of some army officers and Muslims. "It is for this reason that we are giving special attention to the army and the religions to make them progressive," Subandrio told me. Part of this process is also designed to make Subandrio himself more acceptable to non-Communist groups. Though he is not a party member he accepts Communist support, and is acceptable to the Communists as Sukarno's successor.

SUCH ARE the appeal and the mass following of Sukarno, however, that no effective force is likely to move against his wishes during his lifetime. And despite the crop of rumors about his health early this year, the indications are that Sukarno may be around for some time.

On the early evidence, he appeared very ill. His badly swollen ankles and face, a general air of malaise, and a disposition to avoid the small-hours singing and dancing of which he is so fond suggested that he might not have long to live. X rays rushed to western specialists in Vienna and the sudden arrival in Djakarta of Chinese acupuncturists to plunge their silver needles into the president's nerve centers added to the speculation. But according to current medical intelligence, his affliction is confined to a stone in his only functioning kidney. While his mortal fear of a soothsayer's prophesy that he would die from knife wounds has prejudiced him against surgery, word has it that Sukarno will undergo an operation after the second Afro-Asian Conference in Algiers at the end of June.

Meanwhile there are dangers in appearing as the heir presumptive, and Subandrio is aware of them. "It's too early to talk of a successor to President Sukarno," he said. "The solution to our problems is not who is the crown prince. I don't want to be president. It doesn't matter who is, but what we have to avoid is a struggle for power that would make us like another Latin-American country."

Whether he likes to talk about it or not, Subandrio has been an active participant in the struggle for succession. His rise had begun long before Sukarno's independence day speech last August 17; but the speech created a climate for precipitate change that the Communists and Subandrio exploited to their mutual advantage.

Fearful of the growing strength of the PKI, which now claims three million members and candidate members, the anti-Communist elements made an ingenious attempt to use the teachings of Sukarno, which are general enough to warrant almost any interpretation, to discredit it. A group sponsored by SOKSI, the army-backed Indonesian Socialist Workers' Association, and the Murba Party, nationalist and Marxist but moderate by prevailing standards, made its appearance. It had the active support of most anti-Communists, including Chaerul Saleh, the third deputy premier, and Adam Malik, the minister for trade. Saleh's identification with the movement, which called itself the Body for Supporting Sukarnoism, was especially important since, as chairman of the Provisional People's Congress, he comes as close as anyone to being a constitutional successor to Sukarno.

Backed, or at least publicized, by fifty-five of the country's ninety-two newspapers, the Body for Supporting Sukarnoism infuriated the Communists and rallied the Muslims. It also went too far and too fast for its own good and perhaps earned too much western sympathy and support.

Late last November, Marshal Chen


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Yi arrived in Djakarta; his visit marked the beginning of the Communist counteroffensive. A week later mobs attacked the USIS library in Djakarta and destroyed a fourth of its books. The Indonesian foreign office expressed "understanding" of the anger of the mob, "in view of the military intervention of the United States in the Congo." Whether Chen Yi actually had any part in initiating these and subsequent anti-American attacks and in the presidential decision to ban the Body for Supporting Sukarnoism, he receives much of the credit and the blame alike in Djakarta.

### Subandrio Digs In

Certainly the Communists have had a field day since. Sukarno said that he had proof that the Central Intelligence Agency had backed the Body for Supporting Sukarnoism, and, thus reinforced, the Communists launched a bitter attack on Saleh and Malik. At one point the hot-tempered Saleh, who once used a golf club to chastise a westerner for criticizing his manners on the fairway, punched Aidit in Sukarno's presence. Disciplined by several days' house arrest and struggling to hold his place in the cabinet, Saleh later publicly denied any connection with the Body for Supporting Sukarnoism or with the Murba Party, which had also been banned. All the unions and groups that had supported the Body were discredited; by presidential decree twenty-eight newspapers were closed, leaving this field wide open to the Communists. Meanwhile Subandrio was now firmly entrenched.

While Saleh barely managed to hold on, Malik lost the all-important trade portfolio to a subordinate of Subandrio. Henceforth private traders may remain in business only as producers of export commodities under Subandrio's supervision. The internal security organization is under his control. He has created links with the police, with the navy, and, to a lesser extent, with the army. The ministry of basic education, the only organization that has penetrated every village in the whole country, also comes under his supervision.

His ability and desire to get along with the Communists is not disputed, and the Communists in turn have told Asian diplomats that they would be prepared to accept Subandrio's leadership. He is still on much less certain ground with the army. His relations with General A. H. Nasution, the minister of defense, have always been cool; but Nasution,

whose place in the cabinet is increasingly shaky, no longer controls direct military power. That is now in the hands of the chief of staff, General Achmad Jani, a Sukarno favorite who for months has wavered between Subandrio and Nasution.

Subandrio says he is sure that collaboration between the army and the Communists will continue. "If you don't believe me, go and ask Nasution and Jani," he advised me. Nasution and Jani prefer to keep their counsel. They profess only to being non-Communists but insist, as their acceptance of NASAKOM requires, that they are not anti-Communists.

For their part, the Communists are careful to avoid giving the army any pretext to act against them. Aidit and Njoto, the third-ranking member of the party, who was appointed by Sukarno after his August 17 speech as minister "seconded to the presidium," have resisted all pressure from within the party to move into active opposition against Sukarno and to gear themselves for an actual seizure of power. The Aidit-Njoto view is that the transformation should be an imperceptible process—which in fact it has become.

The army now admits to considerable Communist penetration at the lower levels (though it dismisses the Communist claim that forty per cent of the troops are now party members). But this is not its only handicap. Inertia and graft continue to sap the strength and morale of the officer corps. The real vested interest of the army lies not in counter-revolution but in the preservation of the status quo and the fiction of external "enemies" that help justify its existence. This is also true of Saleh and other non-Communist and anti-Communist figures on whom western hopes for ultimate change unwisely rest.

BY ANY WESTERN standard of accounting, Indonesia ought to be bankrupt. The printing presses spew out their rupiahs in an endless flow. At the end of 1962 there were 120 billion in circulation. A year later the figure had doubled, and by the end of 1964 it had doubled again to 600 billion. The budget deficit has also doubled each year—the official expectation is that the deficit for 1965 will be in the vicinity of 1,000 billion rupiahs—and prices have faithfully kept step.

Imports of raw cotton have improved the textile situation slightly, but mills are still working at about twenty-five per cent of capacity or less. Other industries are idle because of lack of raw materials or spare parts. Even in Djakarta the distribution of locally refined gasoline has reached such a low point that it takes about two hours' waiting in line to fill up a private car. Everywhere roads and railways are falling into disrepair. People crowd like sardines into the busses and trains, sprawl on the roofs, and cling outside to doors and windows. Conditions at Tanjungpriok, the port for Djakarta, were in such a mess early this year, with warehouses crowded with undistributed goods and more outside rotting unattended in the heat and rain, that the government closed the port to all foreign shipping from February 25 to March 13. A Maersk Line ship carrying a new Mercedes 600 for Sukarno was told to unload the car and nothing else. When the line replied that it would unload all or nothing, permission was granted. The ship entered the harbor and discharged its cargo, prudently leaving Sukarno's Mercedes until the last.


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But Sukarno was right when he said to the West, "Go to hell with your 'Indonesia is going to collapse.' Go to hell with your tale of Indonesia's economic destruction." If it were a commercial concern, Indonesia would either have fired its board of directors or else have been in the hands of receivers long ago. But with generous overdrafts from a succession of tolerant bankers and the wealth that oozes out of the country despite the inefficiency and corruption of the administration, it still gets by.

For the present, foreign credits keep on coming in handsomely. Communist China, Japan, West Germany, the Netherlands, and even Pakistan have contributed enough to keep the wolf away from the door for the time being, while the Russians, with the interest on more than a billion dollars to collect, have been a model of patience and understanding.

### The Mischief-Maker

It is as easy to exaggerate Indonesia's potential for military aggression as it is to underestimate its capacity for mischief. Up to the battalion level, the Indonesian Army is an excellent fighting force, with some highly trained and well-equipped units. Its supporting weapons and services, however, are in poor shape.

Beset with problems of maintenance and morale, neither the air force nor the navy is in effective fighting condition. Only about a third of the air force's twenty-four Badger (TU-16) bombers are operational, and about the same proportion of the more numerous jet fighter squadrons are out of commission. As for the navy, it experienced what can only be described as a mutiny in March, when a number of officers petitioned President Sukarno to replace their seniors—and were placed under arrest for their trouble.

These are not the kind of circumstances that would encourage Indonesia to venture into full-scale war against Malaysia or any other neighbor, even if China makes good what Sukarno accepts as firm promises to activate revolts in Singapore and elsewhere, to cause a diversion in the border regions of Southeast Asia, and to provide more direct military assistance.

Mischief-making is something else. Long ago Sukarno hit on the idea of making Indonesia, scene of the first Afro-Asian Conference at Bandung in 1955, headquarters for the new emerging forces. Religion, sport, culture, journalism, and labor have all been used to further the cause of his crusade. GANEFO, the Games of the New Emerging Forces, was shamelessly political. Simpler to create and more effective as centers of psychological warfare are such organizations as the Afro-Asian Journalists' Association, the Afro-Asian Authors' Union, the Afro-Asian Women's Conference, the Afro-Asian Film Festival, the Afro-Asian Islamic Conference, all of them Djakarta-conceived. The technique is to call a conference, establish a permanent secretariat in Djakarta with an Indonesian official as permanent secretary, and issue inflammatory anti-western statements bearing the Afro-Asian imprimatur. "The Secretariat of the Afro-Asian Journalists' Association condemns with full indignation the heinous policies of U.S. imperialism. . . ," began one typical statement published on March 28.

For the tenth anniversary of the first Afro-Asian Conference on April 18 in Djakarta, Sukarno promoted a festive celebration; the Chinese picked up the check. Even the flags that lined the streets were made in China. No guests were more feted and honored than Chou En-lai and Chen Yi, North Korea's Kim Il Sung, and Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk, while Ceylonese and Indian founder members of the original Bandung Conference were denied an opportunity to speak. In one typical speech Sukarno prophesied trouble in Oceania, ridiculed American efforts to prevent a Communist victory in Vietnam, and derided President Johnson's regional development proposal for Southeast Asia as a bribe.

What went on between Chinese and Indonesian leaders behind closed doors remains secret. But the Indonesian take-over of all remaining foreign firms, Sukarno's rejection of a meeting with Malaysia's Tengku Abdul Rahman, and the appearance outside the American embassy of a huge and durably constructed sign, "Let's Break Diplomatic Relations with the United States," followed in quick succession. The test of Chinese-Indonesian collaboration will come at Algiers next month, when the two countries are expected to attempt, though without much hope of success, the promotion of a permanent Afro-Asian Assembly. Should this fail, CONEFO, the Confederation of the New Emerging Forces, will make its appearance as a Peking-Djakarta-sponsored rival of the United Nations. Sukarno has already driven the first pile in the immense CONEFO complex, which will include an assembly hall with accommodations for 2,500 and a permanent secretariat building eleven stories high, all to be completed before August of next year.

AGAINST this background, no positive western policy appears to have any chance of success in Indonesia at this time. Looking back, it is easy to see the blunders in western policy. If it was ungenerous for the Netherlands not to have transferred sovereignty over West New Guinea to Indonesia in 1949, it was folly for the Dutch, under U.S. pressure, to have acquiesced at the point of a gun in 1963. If it was worth while helping the rebels in Sumatra and Celebes in 1958, then the help should have been adequate and decisive. It was this ineffectiveness and indecision that helped to kill constitutional government in Indonesia and opened the way for Sukarno's guided democracy and for Communism.

In Djakarta today there are still Americans who indulge in wishful thinking—who believe that some credence should be attached to Sukarno's pledge that he would accept any Afro-Asian commission's findings on Malaysia, favorable or not. Yet, even overlooking Sukarno's most recent rejection of Indonesia's pledge to ascertain the will of the people of West Irian in 1969, it is obvious that neither Sukarno nor Subandrio would hesitate to renege on their word again. For the West, only one policy makes sense now. It must sit tight and, if possible, keep remaining diplomatic lines open. Waiting to see what may come, it must hope for the best and prepare for the worst, and budge not one inch in the face of Indonesian acts of aggression.



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# Making Gromyko Smile

**EDMOND TAYLOR**

PARIS

FROM THE VIEWPOINT of diplomatic history, it is still too early to assess the importance of what might be termed the Mésentente Cordiale between France and the Soviet Union, catalyzed by the recent five-day visit here of Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. To the student of diplomatic folklore and ritual, however, the visit itself, with its blend of Old World tradition and Space Age preoccupations, was fascinating. President de Gaulle's evident desire was to surround the occasion with a ceremonial that would permit a kind of eighteenth-century flirtation with the chief rival of France's chief ally, one that would look ardent in public without leading too far in private. This confronted the protocol experts with some knotty problems.

Even before Gromyko arrived, there was a little awkwardness about how to treat the new Soviet ambassador, Valerian A. Zorin, who is remembered in some circles as the organizer of the Communist *coup d'état* that abolished Czechoslovakia's freedom in 1948. From one angle, it is flattering to French national pride that the Kremlin felt it necessary to send such a noted specialist to discover de Gaulle's true intentions. But Zorin is also the author of a recent study on international affairs, published in Moscow just before the announcement of his latest appointment, which analyzes rather severely the "fascist" tendencies of the Fifth Republic. Fortunately, research at the Quai d'Orsay has established that Zorin is a name almost as common in Russia as Dupont in France, and the French are therefore able to pretend that it was some obscure Communist hack named V. Zorin who wrote that disagreeable book.

As for Gromyko himself, there was the difficulty of offering him a spectacular welcome without creating a precedent that might hereafter cause Afro-Asian potentates arriving in Paris to feel that they were being treated like Soviet commissars. As a mere foreign minister, Gromyko was not entitled to the booming artillery salute reserved for chiefs of state, nor could the Soviet hammer and sickle be flown in his honor from the giant metal masts at the Place de la Concorde. For the same reason, Gromyko could not be invited to dinner at the Elysée.

### Melting the Iceberg

The Gaullist sense of hierarchy was reconciled with the vaunted realism of Gaullist foreign policy when Gromyko was invited to the Elysée for an hour and twenty minutes of cordial conversation with President de Gaulle on the same day that Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco lunched with him. While French televiewers got only a glimpse of the princely couple leaving the palace, Gromyko was extensively interviewed on the doorstep.

The strict French observance of protocol, which some observers saw as a reflection of de Gaulle's determination to assert France's independence eastward as well as westward, does not appear to have chilled the Kremlin's envoy. Every artifice of international etiquette was exploited to provide Gromyko with every attention not incompatible with his rank. Premier Georges Pompidou, Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, and Minister of State Louis Joxe all played host to him.

Nothing quite like this had ever happened before to the wooden-faced Soviet diplomat, and he was undoubtedly pleased. Stalin used to say of Gromyko that if you put him on an iceberg he would just sit there indefinitely; watching him trying to smile for cameramen and finally succeeding only yards from the end of the runway was an experience that few who witnessed it on their TV screens will ever forget.

The most picturesque phase of the visit was doubtless the reception for Gromyko at the Soviet embassy on the same evening that the laboriously negotiated communiqué on Gromyko's talks with the French was published. Despite a sharp thrust in the communiqué at U.S. intervention in Vietnam and a more oblique cut at Red China's Southeast Asia policy, both Washington's Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen and Peking's Huang Chen were among Zorin's guests. The rest of the diplomatic community and most of the French government leaders and political notables, ranging from the veteran Communist leader Jacques Duclos to the pro-Atlantic opposition chief, Maurice Faure, were also present. "Good humor was general," reported *Le Monde*. "The Messrs. Joxe and Gromyko, joined by their wives, sang in chorus several bars of the famous song of the Siberian partisans from the Russian Civil War."

Confronted with this somewhat ostentatious Franco-Soviet idyll, Bohlen conducted himself with all the aplomb that the eighteenth century expected in similar circumstances from a discomfited lover or diplomat. So, if somewhat more stiffly, did his Chinese colleague. A minor international incident appears to have been created, however, by the chauffeur of the Chinese embassy when he insisted on parking in the courtyard of the Soviet embassy. Zorin's security officers doubtless felt that this was a bit indelicate; and besides, you never know these days what may be in the trunk of a diplomatic limousine. Flushed with rage, the Chinese chauffeur was finally obliged to park with the lackeys of imperialism out in the Rue de Grenelle.

### Doing the Moscow Swim

While the Franco-Soviet pre-honeymoon was being officially celebrated in Paris, an unofficial cultural mission of eighty-two persons of various nationalities and sexes, representing Paris café society, appeared in Moscow. The junket was organized by a Parisian public-relations impresario on behalf of the French crooner Gilbert Becaud, who was giving a series of concerts in the Soviet Union; it included such celebrities of Paris night life as two former husbands of Barbara Hutton, Porfirio Rubirosa and Prince Igor Troubetzkoy, Bernard Buffet and his wife Annabel, the film actress Elsa Martinelli, and Princess Ira von Fürstenberg, who is scheduled to play the title role in a forthcoming movie based on the


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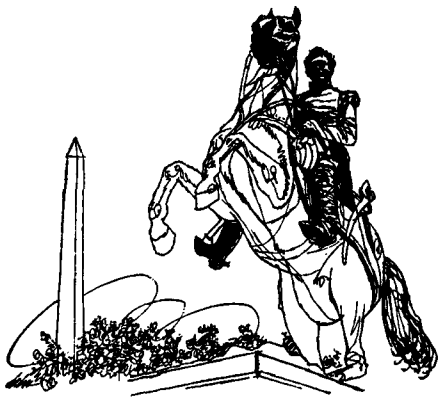
erotic French comic strip "Barbarella." Considerable governmental co-operation, along with a substantial financial investment by the promoters, was necessary to make the round-trip jet outing to the Soviet Union possible. Some of the junketeers had passports not normally recognized there, and at least one, the night-club hostess Régine, the Mother Courage of the French jet set, traveled without any at all. Nevertheless, the party was welcomed on arrival by the Soviet minister of culture, Yekaterina Furtseva.

According to a French gossip writer who went along on the junket, one of the most intriguing features of the Moscow rapprochement between Bolshevism and café society, which paralleled the more official East-West rites in Paris, is that its real purpose was to provide a public-relations buildup for Becaud's forthcoming American tour.

Insofar as the unusually cordial reception given Gromyko had what might be termed a third-party intent behind it, the psychological target was probably West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard rather than President Johnson, whom de Gaulle seems to have given up trying to impress. Gromyko naturally tried to push his hosts farther than they wished to go in needling West German opinion. When the communiqué, despite strenuous Soviet efforts, failed to reveal any really significant "zones of agreement" between the two governments outside of their common disapproval of the Vietnam war, Gromyko tried to improve on it: at a press conference just before his departure he complimented the French on their realism in basing policy upon the understanding that there are two Germanys. The Quai d'Orsay hastily repudiated the compliment in an inspired press statement reiterating France's refusal to recognize the East German puppet régime.

Whatever the dangers of a diplomacy based upon the old-fashioned concept of "waltz turns" with successive partners, Raymond Aron pointed out recently in *Le Figaro* that both the basic situation in Europe and the nature of Gaullism itself render such ballroom gyrations far easier to execute than the reversal of the alliances they seem to mimic.



# The 'Group' That Runs the House

**PAUL DUKE and ARNOLD B. SAWSILAK**

AN UNHERALDED development of the Eighty-ninth Congress is a fundamental alteration in political power in the House of Representatives. For the first time since early New Deal days, the conservative coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans is in disarray, perhaps even headed for oblivion. Democrats from the North and West have taken control of the chamber, and even the cautious Democratic leadership headed by Speaker John W. McCormack has begun to follow the course they have charted.

The changed order is reflected in the expanded influence of the House Democratic Study Group, formed in September, 1959, to cement Northern and Western Democrats into a force stronger than the conservative bloc. Although the DSG is frequently described in newspaper accounts as a "loose and informal" association of like-minded members, this is misleading. It has become an elaborate organization with elected officers, a thirteen-member executive committee, a full-time staff, a vote-rallying whip system, and a campaign fund-raising unit. As its name implies, it does a good deal of research, and even holds seminars to brief members before crucial votes.

The new power of this bloc has been evident since Congress convened in January. The DSG membership has grown from last year's 127 to 165, or almost three-fifths of the 294 Democratic representatives—that is, most of those elected outside of the South. It was DSG tacticians who instigated and directed the move to deprive Albert W. Watson of South Carolina and John Bell Williams of Mississippi of their committee seniority rights for supporting Barry Goldwater. It was the DSG that drafted and pushed through the revised operating procedures that further circumscribed the ability of the Rules Committee to block legislation.

The most extraordinary aspect of both actions was that they were carried out largely without help from the established leadership or from the White House. President Johnson had passed along the word that he was not pushing the Watson-Williams purge. Only after getting agreement that the turncoats would be merely punished, not thrown out of the Democratic caucus as originally proposed, did the House leadership go along. The DSG took all the risks, with the President and the Speaker remaining well behind the lines in case the whole venture misfired.

### The Diffident Speaker

McCormack played a somewhat more active role in the rules fight, although DSG members launched the trial balloons that preceded actual agreement on what changes were both desirable and possible to achieve. But in this instance, McCormack had a special interest. The



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principal effect of the revisions was to give the Speaker more real power than anyone to occupy the House rostrum since "Uncle Joe" Cannon of Illinois, whose own Republican rank and file overturned his autocratic reign in 1910. McCormack, well aware that those who accumulate power in a free assembly like the House must shun the appearance of ambition, retained to the end the proper air of reluctance to shoulder new authority.

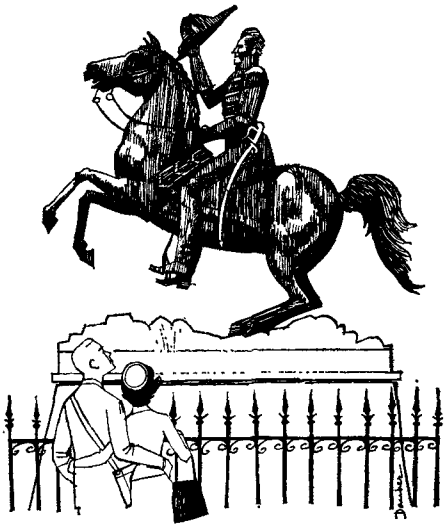
A few weeks later, the Northern and Western Democrats gained what some regarded as a more basic goal when the Speaker agreed to their request that a party caucus be held to review assignments to legislative committees. Although the party's rules had long specified that appointments were subject to approval by a caucus majority, in practice Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee, sitting as a Committee on Committees, had been given carte blanche to handle the chore. The review caucus—the first since 1951—turned out to be perfunctorily uneventful, but DSG leaders viewed it as a step toward a possible future attack on the tradition of electing committee chairmen by seniority.

TO BE SURE, the DSG successes have been made possible by the big Democratic majority. When the party scored a net gain of thirty-seven seats as a result of last year's elections, the over-all increase was greatest in the North and West, where forty-three Republican-held districts were captured by Democratic challengers. In the South, where the Democrats incurred a net loss of six seats, most of those defeated were conservative veterans who generally voted with Republicans on major issues. Under the impact of redistricting, the growing Negro vote, and spreading Republicanism, the old-line Southerners are on the way out. Five years ago there were ninety-nine Democrats from the eleven states of the old Confederacy. Today there are eighty-eight, including quite a few pro-administration moderates. Changes in the North have had an effect, too. The decline of "bossed" big-city machines, redistricting, and other factors have made a difference in the kind of congressmen coming to Washington from metropolitan areas.

But mere numerical superiority is no assurance of legislative success in a body as unpredictable as the House. That lesson was demonstrated memorably in 1959. Even though the Democrats then possessed their largest majority since 1937—only eleven fewer members than this year—the session proved to be an exercise in frustration. Not only did the conservative coalition repeatedly outmaneuver Democratic leaders but the fragmentation of the rest of the party in the House contributed to their inept performance.

### A Productive Fiasco

The fiasco of 1959 convinced the liberals that greater organization was needed. Actually, the seed of DSG had been planted several years before when a group of about sixty Democrats, led by Representative Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota and jocularly referred to as McCarthy's Mavericks, began holding strategy sessions and working for common goals. Although McCarthy moved on to the Senate, a number of Democratic congressmen began holding discussions. The main participants were Representatives Lee Metcalf of Montana, Frank Thompson, Jr., of New Jersey, Stewart Udall of Arizona, John A. Blatnik of Minnesota, and James Roosevelt and Chet Holifield of California. Two days before adjournment in 1959, Metcalf summoned other interested Democrats to a meeting. About seventy responded and the result was the formation of the DSG, whose innocuous title was deliberately chosen to play down any factional orientation and to avoid the suggestion that it had been created to challenge the leadership of Speaker Sam Rayburn. By January, 1960, when the new session began, 134 members had signed up.



The DSG soon showed promising strength, playing a material part in the passage of that year's civil-rights, depressed-areas, and education bills. Its most conspicuous success, however, was the sidetracking of a bill to permit higher interest rates on long-term government bonds as a means of helping the Treasury in its debt-financing operations. The measure was eagerly sought by the Eisenhower administration and, with the backing of Rayburn and Majority Leader McCormack, appeared headed for certain approval. Despite this imposing support, DSG leaders decided to fight the measure, believing that its acceptance by a Democratic Congress would undermine the party's Jacksonian tradition of support for low interest rates. At first the leadership scoffed at the opposition, but when it persisted, Rayburn gave in and the bill was shelved. This was one of the few times that the DSG has ever publicly bucked the House leadership.

AT THAT TIME, the chief aim of the DSG was to reform the archaic rules and party procedures. In 1961, with the support of the newly elected President Kennedy, the DSG pushed Rayburn into the now famous battle to capture control of the defiant Rules Committee. The conquest of this conservative fortress by a hairsbreadth vote of 217-212—still the group's foremost accomplishment—was a critical breakthrough in the reform drive and proved to Rayburn and McCormack the positive value of an auxiliary political force outside the orthodox party apparatus.

While extraparty blocs and clubs are as much a part of Congress as the Capitol dome, none has ever attained the institutional status of the DSG. The group's cohesion, moreover, is all the more remarkable in the light of past failures to unite House Democrats and the notorious inability of Senate liberals to work together. Beyond this, the organization has provided a valuable outlet for the



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energies of younger Democrats and provided McCormack and the present Majority Leader, Carl Albert of Oklahoma, with a second echelon of experienced assistants. White House aides have worked closely with DSG strategists. Some of the extracurricular activities, such as the whip system, have been especially useful.

**'Operation Rat Fink'**

A notable example was provided during the struggle over civil rights in the last session. When the bill that became the Civil Rights Act of 1964 reached the floor, there was little doubt of its ultimate passage. The problem was to keep the legislation intact during the crucial debates and votes on amendments. Since no roll-call votes are taken at this phase, attendance frequently drops to less than a quarter of the total membership of 435. At such a time a hostile minority can chop a bill to pieces by offering crippling amendments and by pushing for quick votes before the majority can rally absent members. This appeared to be the main hope for the civil-rights opponents, and for nine days Southerners and a handful of Northern conservatives tried to weaken the bill with more than a hundred amendments.

This time Frank Thompson of New Jersey, acting as the DSG whip, and a group of associates arranged for a constant watch on the Democratic seats; when a vote appeared imminent they would help the regular party whips and the administration aides to round up absentees. Thompson called this the "buddy system," but some Democrats who got calls from the White House chiding them for a lack of alertness referred to it as "Operation Rat Fink."

The DSG has quietly undermined the conservative domination of committees. At the beginning of this session, DSG members, among others, prodded McCormack to increase the ratio of Democrats on the nineteen standing House committees other than Rules. One result was to give liberal representatives two more seats on the Ways and Means Committee and thus ensure a majority vote for Medicare. The decision of Chairman Wilbur D. Mills of Arkansas to abandon his long-time opposition to hospitalization for the elderly under Social Security followed shortly.

The infiltration of major committees can best be gauged by a comparison with 1960. DSG representation on the vital Appropriations Committee has increased from eight to sixteen, on Foreign Affairs from nine to sixteen, on Rules from one to five, on Interstate and Foreign Commerce from four to ten, and on Ways and Means from six to nine. The Public Works, Banking and Currency, and Education and Labor Committees are now heavily dominated by DSG members.

DSG leaders have made it standard practice to consult regularly with McCormack to avoid any suspicion of working behind his back. Although McCormack has had differences with DSG leaders, particularly over the parochial-school issue, the Speaker has generally enjoyed closer relations with the group than Rayburn had. A policy of calculated diplomacy is followed in dealing with him. Thompson, who succeeded Blatnik as DSG chairman in March, and Richard Bolling of Missouri, once the liaison between Rayburn and the DSG and now a top DSG strategist, generally avoid close contact with McCormack. (Thompson and McCormack were at swords' points during Rayburn's last days, and Bolling went so far as to challenge the succession of McCormack and Albert to the leadership posts after Rayburn's death.) Business with the Speaker frequently is transacted by Blatnik and Holifield, who are on good terms with him.

The group handled McCormack astutely in this year's package of reform proposals. An important part was a carefully framed regulation giving McCormack expanded authority to control the flow of legislation to the floor. Its so-called twenty-one-day rule gives the Speaker the key role in dislodging bills stymied in the Rules Committee, an option that was vested in committee chairmen when a similar rule was in effect some years ago. With this new weapon, which he has quietly advocated for some time, McCormack went along with most of the other reform proposals, even though he was unenthusiastic about some of them.

THERE IS a difference of opinion within the DSG about its future. One Eastern congressman who does not take an active part commented: "I pay my $50 dues gladly, and feel I get more than that in the research work and other services. But I'm not sure the DSG should be so concerned about winning every fight it gets into. If someone is going to practice politics as the art of the possible, it ought to be the regular party leadership. An organization like the DSG ought to be ahead of the leadership even if it means taking a public licking."

Among the older hands, the disposition clearly is to continue along the current path of selective battlegrounds. Representative Henry S. Reuss, a regional vice-chairman from Wisconsin, has said: "The formula should be more of the same—more research and preparation of background material for bills coming up in committee or on the floor; more use of the whip system to keep our votes on the floor; more help for liberal candidates."

In short, as another DSG leader put it, the group must "stay responsible" to survive. To indulge in windmill-tilting would be to risk all the gains built up over five years and possibly to leave the liberals where they were in 1959, with a fine program and nowhere to go with it.



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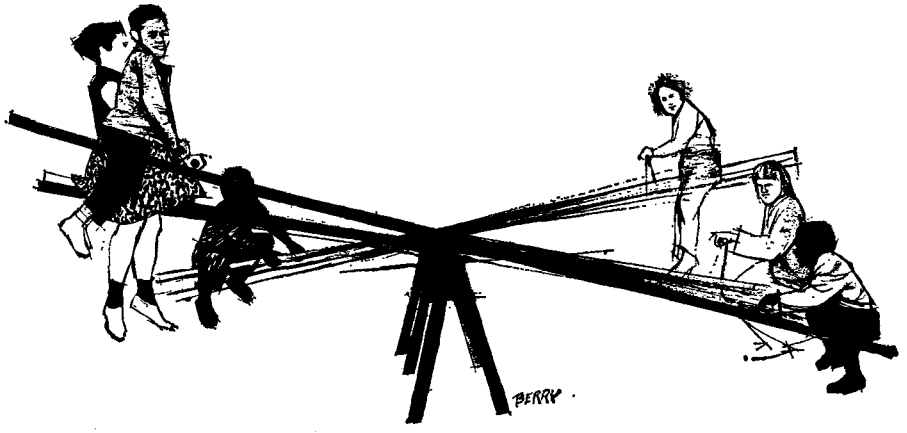


# The Great Society: A Man with a Problem

BARBARA CARTER

MARTIN DEUTSCH should be a happy man. As director of the Institute for Developmental Studies of the Department of Psychiatry at New York Medical College, he has been developing experimental nursery-school techniques for the past six years to help slum children overcome the disadvantages of their background—disadvantages that include not knowing their own names (a lack of identity), not being able to differentiate many sounds, an unfamiliarity with toys—all of which impede their ability to learn. Now his theories and techniques, along with those of others who have worked in the field, have suddenly taken root. Several communities have set up preschool programs for slum children based in large measure on his research, and Sargent Shriver's new anti-poverty project, HEAD START, which is also heavily indebted to him, is ready to finance a much broader program this summer. More than two thousand communities have met the April 15 deadline in applying for HEAD START money, and the prospects for the 600,000 children involved seem so promising that HEAD START has been hailed as "the first step in the Great Society."

Yet here is Dr. Deutsch, who should be basking in the warm sun of recognition, worrying instead about the "development of fads" and warning communities, in a recent issue of *Nation's Schools,* about the dangers of jumping on a "band wagon." And here he is, before an April meeting sponsored by the National Education Association and the Magazine Publishers Association, speaking of his "ambivalence" toward HEAD START, doubting that meaningful preschool programs can "come about—as we move toward President Johnson's Great Society—in terms of the kind of budget we are now allowing," and even predicting that "many of the current programs are not going to work." "I know of districts," he wrote in *Nation's Schools,* "that are planning preschool programs before they've established a public kindergarten. . . ."

## The Cost of Thoughtfulness

Now it might be expected that a social psychologist like Deutsch, in charge of a small, intensive experimental project, would have differences with a let's-get-things-started, practical man of action like Shriver, particularly when it comes to translating a careful pilot design into a mass program. Nonetheless, it is surprising what a wide gap there is between the two. Take the matter of money, for instance. Dr. Deutsch thinks a beginning preschool program, to be effective, should cost $1,000 to $1,200 a child. There are teachers to train in a field where there are none, new teaching materials to be produced, and, of overriding importance, the establishment of adequate follow-through programs for the children when they enter kindergarten or the first grade.

In a preschool class conducted by the institute, for example, there are not one but two telephones to play with—so that the children can have real conversations, no matter how abrupt, with a teacher or another child. Full-length mirrors are installed in the doll corner, snapshots of the children themselves are used for storytelling, and a tape-recorder corner is set up where children can hear their favorite stories over and over again. (The institute has discovered that the nontalking child will respond to questions asked on tape.) The teachers, though previously trained in how to exploit such devices and familiar with the behavior problems of disadvantaged children, still needed a day a week to meet in seminar, preparing and evaluating the curriculum. Such thoughtfulness ensures the kind of response one uncommunicative girl received when, "frying" wax grapes over a toy stove, she shouted, "Dem goddam peaches is burnin'!" Instead of a reprimand, she got a kiss for uttering her first full sentence.

Pittsburgh thinks a preschool program is possible for less than $1,000 a child. It is budgeting only $500, yet that, as the city's school superintendent is quick to point out, is "more than we're spending for any other child in Pittsburgh." Pittsburgh's program, moreover, is not in its initial stages. It has been under way for three years, and though its budget is less than Dr. Deutsch would recommend, it includes an intensive fifteen-week training course in collaboration with Carnegie Insti-



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tute of Technology for its preschool teachers. HEAD START is allowing only $170 a child—and, after the contracts are signed in mid-May, only seven or eight weeks to train the teachers and set up the schools before the summer programs begin.

"What I object to mainly," Dr. Deutsch said recently, "are the crash aspects of the program. Basically, the concepts are very exciting, very positive." He singled out HEAD START's emphasis on medical attention for special praise. "I am very impressed with the director, Dr. Richmond," he continued, "but maybe it should have been done next summer."

DR. DEUTSCH, a rather short, stocky man of forty, was seated in a cramped little office two flights up in the small building that houses the Department of Psychiatry behind Flower Hospital on upper Fifth Avenue. From here he supervises a staff of some ninety psychologists, educators, teachers, and social workers, and, in collaboration with the city's board of education, oversees the preschool and early-grade experimental projects now in operation in a dozen of the city's schools. There was barely space on his desk to lay down his pipe amid all the pamphlets, studies, and reports. On a wall were photographs of children playing or learning—it was hard to tell which.

"Excuse me a moment," Dr. Deutsch said. A woman carrying a sheaf of papers had entered the room. "I can't talk to you right now," he told her apologetically, "but there's one thing you can get started on before we get together. We're holding a teachers' seminar on the fourth to show the new materials, and we must get the teachers in."

"But the people from England are coming on the fourth," she said.

"The people from England?" Dr. Deutsch reached for his appointment book. "Let's see," he muttered. "The Appalachia people are coming. . . . All right, I'll put down 12:30 for lunch with the English people. And before I forget, would you put in an emergency order for the alphabet boards?" He looked up. "We've found a wonderful woodworker from Berea College," he said. "You'd also better get hold of that man with the South American firm, the one who has the contract with the OEO" (Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity). Then a phone call from Washington interrupted him.

"We have hundreds of visitors coming to us," Dr. Deutsch said when he had finished, "people from all over. The poverty people in Washington send many, and we get about seventy-five letters a week. We

can't come anywhere near giving them what they need." He stopped to fill his pipe. "It's been brutal," he went on. "We've lost our own momentum. And we're only at the beginning, just evolving a program and trying to adopt new technologies. We've got a great deal of research on the shelves now that will considerably change the enrichment programs we've already started."

### Help That Cripples

Had Shriver's office given any help? "It's a peculiar thing. Instead of helping, they're crippling us. They've asked for materials and services and we've spent a great deal of time trying to guarantee some success with HEAD START. Nine months ago, after they came to us, we asked for a grant and, after countless meetings, negotiations, and renegotiations, at the beginning of April they finally signed a contract for $585,000. But the funds have not yet come through. I'm told Shriver thinks the amount allowed for research is still too high, although we've cut it by a third of our original request. I find it difficult to believe that Shriver doesn't understand the difference between funding for basic and applied research and funding for a broad-scale community action program."

Was there any truth to the rumor that he was being punished for criticizing HEAD START? Dr. Deutsch shrugged. "I'm told now," he said, "that we're caught in the middle of the city's political struggle with Adam Clayton Powell over poverty funds, and that all the money for New York is being held up until the matter is settled." Nonetheless, he expected the money to be forthcoming soon.

"Shriver's been able to pull in a number of people of quality," he said, returning to the original subject. "But rather than a crash program, rather than a maximum number of communities and a maximum number of children involved at the lowest possible cost, I'd like to see a smaller number of children put through a long-range program. Rather than a minimal effort with a large number, I'd like to see a maximum effort with a smaller number, concentrating not on community programs but on success with the child. Otherwise the children may be blamed for the failure. There is not sufficient planning for the follow-through now. With only two months to set up the programs, there is no time to think about what happens afterward.

"LOOK, here's an example of what a crash program does." He reached for the OEO's handsomely illustrated booklet on Project HEAD START lying on his desk and turned to the inside front cover. There was a photograph (one the institute had supplied, it turned out) of a little Negro girl, her back to the camera, her hair neatly quartered to make four slender braids. She was taking a large capital "K" from a four-tiered alphabet. "An Opportunity for the Child and for the Community," the facing page read. Dr. Deutsch commented: "There have been no arrangements to make these alphabet boards available to the communities —no arrangements of any kind." He let the booklet drop.

"We can run hard for five years and find that we've accomplished very little, when we could have accomplished a great deal." Dr. Deutsch stood up. A small group of people had gathered outside his office door, and he couldn't keep them waiting any longer.



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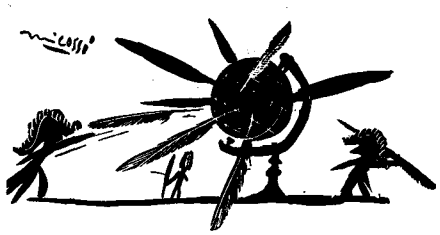

# The Russian at Reims

GEORGE BAILEY

In late April of 1945, I was posted from the Army Officers' Liaison School (Russian) in Vesinet near Paris to Headquarters SHAEF (Forward) in Reims. I was twenty-five years old, four months a second lieutenant and full of doubts and righteous indignation. Although a Russian-speaking liaison officer, or "droshky driver," I was detailed at SHAEF for some reason to the German Army Section (Intelligence) under British Colonel John Austin. I had not been in the section three days when the colonel called me in. "Your records show that you speak German," he said. "Do you think your German is good enough to enable you to act as General Smith's interpreter in negotiations with the Germans?" I gulped and said I thought it was. "Well, then," said Austin, "go along and see General Strong."

Major General George V. Strong, chief of SHAEF intelligence, handed me a British Army report written in German and asked me to translate it as I stood. "I think you'll do," he said when I had finished. "Now, report to General Eisenhower's train at ten o'clock tonight. One thing more," he said when I had almost reached the door. "Are you happy?" I was profoundly unhappy but I did not dare to say so.

In the dining car the next morning (I did not know where we were going or why), I met General Walter Bedell Smith for the first time. "Where did you learn your languages?" he asked me. I told him that I had majored in Classical Greek at college and branched out. This set the general off on what was apparently a favorite subject: archaeology. During breakfast he enlarged upon the archaeological treasures of Sicily. A little while later the Russian General Ivan Susloparov came in and we went through the same routine, Susloparov enlarging on his favorite subject: artillery. He was a major general of artillery and he talked a fine bombardment. And he did not neglect to lob in some politics: "The Communist system comes down to this—if you work well, you eat well." Susloparov had obviously worked very well; he was a huge, round-faced, jovial man. In fact, he was one of the few really big Russian generals I have met. It was a standing joke among liaison officers that the Russian generals must have been cut down to size since they were almost invariably small, while full colonels were usually very large and bulky.

## Confrontation at Nijmegen

The negotiations the two generals were about to undertake concerned the projected parachute drops of supplies to the starving Dutch population behind the German lines. They took place on May 1 in a red-brick church in Nijmegen in southeastern Holland, which had recently been captured by the Canadians. In addition to Bedell Smith, Susloparov, and General François Sevez, who as a deputy chief of staff represented the French Army, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands took part. Every time Bernhard stepped outside the church for a breather, the assembled townsmen, either waving or wearing orange streamers, ribbons, and sashes, would strike up the national anthem. Bernhard was in high spirits, but as the day wore on he grew careful not to show himself out of doors. He took great interest in the Russians; I spent the conference breaks interpreting between him and Susloparov. Bernhard was particularly interested in the Soviet partisans. He emphasized to Susloparov that he was prepared to put his squadron of planes at the partisans' disposal—for food drops, flying out wounded, and the like. Susloparov expressed his gratitude but explained that the partisans were so well organized that they could take care of themselves. "Anyway," said Susloparov after Bernhard had fled indoors to escape another rendition of the national anthem, "the war's almost over—what's with him?"

Though the German army of occupation in the Netherlands was now cut off, it refused to surrender as long as German troops elsewhere were still fighting. But the Nazi high commissioner, Artur von Seyss-Inquart, former chancellor of Austria, had agreed in principle to allow the Allies to parachute food and other supplies into German-held Holland, provided the Allies agreed to a local and unofficial cease-fire. Seyss-Inquart was in Nijmegen to negotiate the details. I was thrown off at the beginning of the conference by General Smith's toughness toward him. "I do not mean to insult you," he told Seyss-Inquart, "but I want to make it clear that you and your immediate subordinates will be held strictly accountable to an Allied military court for the effective and fair distribution to the Dutch population of all supplies that are dropped." If memory serves, Smith also mentioned accountability for any crimes committed by the Germans against the Dutch. When I instinctively tried to take the edge off his language as I rendered it into German, Smith interrupted, ordering me to translate literally.

A British staff officer then set forth Allied plans for the drops. Seyss-Inquart, who knew the situation in German-occupied Holland in astonishing detail, calmly refuted the feasibility of most of the planned drops, pointing out in a number of cases that the proposed target areas were or soon would be under flood water. He then suggested alternatives that were promptly accepted by Smith. On the way back to SHAEF headquarters in Reims, when the general expressed his satisfaction



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with the results of the conference I expected him to comment on Seyss-Inquart's masterful performance. But he did not so much as hint at it. The attitude of the Allied generals to the German group throughout the conference had been cold but correct—except for Smith's opening statement, which clearly indicated that he regarded Seyss-Inquart not only as a Nazi politician, as distinct from a German military officer, but also as a de facto war criminal awaiting trial and sentence.

THIS DISTINCTION was brought home to me more forcibly a few days later when Colonel General Alfred Gustav Jodl and his party arrived at SHEAF headquarters to negotiate the surrender of the German armed forces. Detailed to the Germans as escort officer and interpreter, I was immediately struck by the contrast between Jodl and Admiral Hans Georg von Friedeburg, who had preceded Jodl to Reims as the envoy of Admiral Karl Doenitz, acting as commander-in-chief after Hitler's reported suicide. "Glum's the word," a British officer quipped in reference to Jodl. Indeed, Jodl seemed utterly crushed: he acted throughout like a man in a trance. Von Friedeburg, in contrast, was effusive. His first words to me were: "They are charming, charming, your generals—why, the Allies are absolutely delightful people!" He was referring to their initial meetings with Smith and Strong. I do not know what Smith told the Germans when they arrived. But the impression of the meetings I gained from von Freideburg was confirmed by Jodl later, when, apropos of nothing, he suddenly approached and told me that he would never forget the kindness and gallantry of Bedell Smith.

When I was not with the German party, I spent my time on May 6 shuttling between General Smith's office in the "red schoolhouse" and Susloparov's headquarters in the Hotel Lion d'Or, co-ordinating agreement on the articles of surrender. The Allies, of course, were pressing the Doenitz government to empower Jodl to sign the surrender forthwith. The Germans had tried previously to surrender on the western front alone and were still doing everything possible to avoid surrendering individual units to the Russians. Even though it was made clear to Jodl at the outset that no partial conditions whatever would be discussed by the Allies, Doenitz played for time. Meanwhile the surrender negotiations, such as they were, consisted in stipulating technical measures for the securing of communications and supply lines and the physical safety of Allied troops in Germany. The only negotiations worthy of the name were those carried on between Generals Smith and Susloparov, or rather between Smith and Moscow with Susloparov acting as intermediary. Susloparov was himself merely a liaison officer who could do nothing more than send and receive signals to and from Moscow on the radio transmitter the Russians took with them wherever they went.

Whenever I appeared at the Lion d'Or with questions or answers for Susloparov, he would begin by saying: "I have just sent a telegram to Moscow." But, to the best of my recollection, he never once said that he had received a message from Moscow. I began to think that his receiver had broken down and that he was too proud to admit it.

### Surrender at Reims

Smith and Susloparov haggled all of May 6 over two points: the definition of "property," particularly "government property," the Russians plumping for the widest possible definition with an eye to reparations; and the question of whether Susloparov was or could be empowered by Moscow to sign the articles of surrender. The first point was settled pretty much in the Russians' favor; the second point, to the best of my knowledge, was never cleared up. On my last visit to Susloparov at about nine o'clock in the evening, he had still not received an answer to his request for empowerment. I happened to be the duty officer in General Smith's office that night. At about two o'clock in the morning of May 7, the long-awaited signal empowering Jodl to sign came in from Doenitz's headquarters. I took the message off the ticker and alerted the general's secretary. I was filled with apprehension because I was sure that Susloparov had still not heard from Moscow and hence would not be able to sign, and I was equally sure that the job of producing Susloparov in the war room for the signing would fall to me. It did not. To my astonishment, in hardly more than half an hour the signatories —including Susloparov—and their parties were assembled in the war room.

The signing itself was perfunctory, lasting scarcely longer than it took Jodl to scan the articles of surrender. When General Sevez, the last to sign, had finished, Jodl stood up and announced that he wished to say something. In a prepared statement he solemnized the surrender and then went on to commemorate the suffering and achievements of the German armed forces and the German people during the war. He concluded with the hope that the victors would treat the vanquished with generosity.

The speech was left in the air. Nobody translated Jodl's words or even moved to inquire whether a translation was desired. Major General Oxenius, Jodl's adjutant, who had been a schoolteacher in Wales before the war, did not move to do so; neither did General Strong, neither did George Reinhardt, the other American interpreter in German, and neither did I. For my part, the statement struck me as somehow improper, particularly the reference to the sufferings and achievements of the German armed forces. These, as the instruments of the Nazis, had inflicted and caused untellable suffering to several hundreds of millions of non-Germans. Why point out their sufferings and even their achievements? At that time I could not appreciate that it was for Jodl to do so, that he was speaking strictly as a soldier and a patriot. At the same time I felt dismay that the statement, untranslated, would be


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lost to the record. My apprehension was totally unfounded: Jodl made the statement solely for the record and had obviously cleared it in writing with Smith. Smith's acceptance of the statement was another evidence of the distinction he drew between German soldiers and Nazi war criminals, a distinction that the judges at Nuremberg did not allow when they lumped Jodl and Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel with Seyss-Inquart.

After Jodl's statement we filed through several corridors to General Eisenhower's office. This was the only time I ever saw Eisenhower. Perhaps because of the drama and significance of the event, I was subjected to a kind of optical illusion. Eisenhower was seated at a table in an alcove whose floor was a step higher than that of the room. He appeared to be of gigantic stature. The impression of massive size was increased when he turned his head and shoulders to face Jodl, who stood forward on the lower floor like a truant schoolboy about to be disciplined. Through General Strong, Eisenhower asked Jodl if he had understood the terms of surrender. Jodl answered *"Ja"* and the German party was dismissed.

### The Unempowered Envoy

The next morning I was relieved as duty officer in General Smith's office only to go on duty again as escort officer to the Germans. When I arrived in Jodl's quarters he took out his copy of the surrender document and asked me whose signature was at the bottom. On the German copy there was no title identifying General Sevez's minuscule signature. When I told Jodl whose it was, he asked, "Who is he?" When I explained, Jodl merely shook his head and, looking more miserable than ever, walked away. Even von Friedeburg was somewhat subdued that morning, though still buoyant and chatty. I took this contrast between the two men away with me, for it was the last I saw of them. I was all the more surprised a short time later to learn that von Friedeburg had committed suicide with his service pistol. Jodl had looked entirely capable of suicide: I should not have been surprised if he had shot himself at any point in the surrender proceedings. But it never occurred to me that von Friedeburg's effusive cheeriness was a form of hysteria.

The mystery surrounding Susloparov's empowerment to sign the surrender was compounded later the same day when the Soviet government repudiated the Reims agreement and insisted that the surrender ceremony take place the next day in Russian-occupied Berlin. My own guess as to what happened is that Susloparov, roused at two o'clock in the morning by the call of history and finding himself still without a reply from Moscow, was overcome by the magnitude of the moment and decided to sign on the strength of his accreditation as the chief Soviet representative to SHAEF. In any case, he was summarily recalled.

I learned of the Soviet repudiation at 5:30 in the afternoon when General Smith asked me if I could provide him with a Russian translation of the articles of surrender in seventeen typewritten fair copies by eight o'clock the next morning. The problem was the typing. The only

Russian typewriters I knew of were in Paris at the Liaison School. The general gave me his car, his driver, and a block of foolscap. We made excellent time until we entered the outskirts of Paris, where we encountered human roadblocks every foot of the way: the good people of Paris were already celebrating VE-Day. Every last street was full of jubilant, jostling, dancing crowds through which we could only thread our way at a speed of three to four miles an hour. I was obliged to get out of the car on a number of occasions and plead for thoroughfare, trying to explain (and feeling like a fool doing so) that, technically, the war was not yet over. It took two hours to drive from Reims to Paris and three hours to cross Paris. We arrived at the Liaison School and billets around eleven o'clock at night. Of course we found them empty. Like everyone else, the officers and men of the school were out celebrating. It took me almost three hours of frantic scurrying from bar to bistro to boudoir to track down five of them. At this point another problem loomed. The five "droshky drivers" were all fluent in Russian, but two were drunk and none could type. In the next three hours, in a sequence of seek-it-and-sock-it pandemonium, we used up some two hundred sheets of typing paper but managed to produce the seventeen fair copies.

THOROUGHLY shattered by the ordeal, I stepped into General Smith's car at five in the morning, gave the driver instructions, and dozed off—I had gone forty-six hours without sleep. I awoke at about seven to find that we were in Châlons-sur-Marne, the driver having missed the turn for Reims. We doubled back at top speed and arrived at SHAEF twenty minutes late but just in time to catch the general before he left by plane for Berlin. There was one last obstacle. I had lost my garrison cap in the melee in Paris. (A daughter of France had whisked it off my head and danced away waving it as a trophy.) I was immediately called to account by a wing commander for being out of uniform. I sought to impress him with the importance of my mission so that he would stop nattering and let me pass. I announced that I was carrying seventeen fair copies of the articles of surrender in Russian. "You are?" he said. "Well, you're not a very 'fair copy' of an officer, are you?" Then he made way. My rejoinder was in Russian.

The Reims version of the articles of surrender served as a basis for negotiations with the Russians in Berlin. But the official Soviet history of the Second World War does not even mention Reims (let alone poor Susloparov). For the western Allies, Reims remains the site of *the* surrender, while the Berlin ceremony is treated as a sort of full-dress ratification of the Reims agreement. At that time, in the splendid spring of 1945, few, if any, saw the ceremonial duality of Reims and Berlin for what it unquestionably was: a portent of the political division of Europe.


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# On Reading Hammarskjöld

MAX ASCOLI

When first published in Sweden, Dag Hammarskjöld's *Markings* found an unexpectedly large admiring audience, and a number of maniacal detractors. For those who liked it, as for those who hated it, one fact was there: a man who had always been known for his aloofness had prearranged a posthumous exhibition of his inner life. What had happened to him in the world of the living was reflected in shadows, echoes and reverberations, distant lights and distant sounds. Only the voice of the man who had been Dag Hammarskjöld could be heard, sometimes restrained and muffled, sometimes, particularly at the beginning, saying with unsparing candor things about himself that even well-disposed strangers could not help finding unnecessarily personal.

This re-enactment of the course of his life, from early youth to near the tragic end, was "a sort of *white book* concerning my negotiations with myself—and with God," he wrote in a letter to a friend to whom he gave discretionary authority to publish his diary after his death. "These entries," he wrote, "provide the only true 'profile' that can be drawn."

In Sweden and elsewhere, there was gloating on the part of those who had long cherished the notion that there was a quality of madness in Dag Hammarskjöld. There was also embarrassment among some of his closest associates in the United Nations who had devotedly worked under him in the conduct of diplomatic affairs without any inkling of his concurrent negotiations with spiritual entities.

He had always been a hard man to make out, but his remoteness never appeared so distant to most of his associates as when he himself candidly exposed it to the world. It is difficult to imagine that he did not know what he was doing. In an entry dated December 1956 he wrote: "These notes?—They were signposts you began to set up after you had reached a point where you needed them, a fixed point that was on no account to be lost sight of. And so they have remained." A few years before, he had called his diary "ridiculous," but by the time he made his December 1956 entry, his life had changed and there was nothing ridiculous if a man who had become a world figure went on setting up signposts for his inner life. His new responsibilities, he said, made him reckon with possible readers and even perhaps hope for them. He may even have kept on writing because of them.

Did he anticipate the commotion that publication of his diary was bound to arouse? He had grown inured to insult and misinterpretation, and he could be sure that death



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would not give him immunity from slander. But he never gave up working for anything he believed in, including the role he thought history had assigned to him, and he prepared this book so that somebody could "learn about a path about which the traveler . . . did not wish to speak while he was alive."

IN THE ENTRIES written during his adolescence and early manhood, the thought of death and the pain of loneliness are ever recurrent. Like many an adolescent first confronting the outer world, he felt himself alien to it. "Every deed and every relationship is surrounded by an atmosphere of silence. Friendship needs no words—it is solitude delivered from the anguish of loneliness."

> Tomorrow we shall meet,
> Death and I—
> And he shall thrust his sword
> Into one who is wide awake.

In these early entries there is a greater transparency than later in the diary. His father's unpopularity, the fact that he himself suffered because of it, left a hurt of which the traces can be seen throughout his life. The notations made during the years of his youth describe human suffering as he saw it with his own eyes, things he could not and would not forget. We read of people who took their own lives and of what death did to their bodies; there are a few descriptions of unnamed people in tragic landscapes, characterized by that peculiar Scandinavian quality: the crowding of universal significance into narrow quarters.

God, too, is very much present: a stern and scowling God beyond the reach of love. "How can you expect to keep your powers of hearing when you never want to listen? That God should have time for you, you seem to take as much for granted as that you cannot have time for Him." The relationship with God seems here to be based on a bilateral equality of attention. He tried to move toward the idea of divinity but the distance seems to become greater: "Your cravings as a human animal do not become a prayer just because it is God whom you ask to attend to them." "On the bookshelf of life, God is a useful work of reference, always at hand but seldom consulted." The young man frowns on himself; he probably knows that a prayer should be an act of total surrender; he has the right intentions and the right values, but it is as if they belonged to someone else. How different is an entry some years later: "When the conflicting currents of the unconscious create engulfing whirlpools, the waters can again be guided into a single current if the dam sluice be opened into the channel of prayer—and if that channel

has been dug deep enough." What he came to call the negotiations with himself and with God start here—as the channel goes deeper and the commerce between inner and outer life finds its rules, strictly according to Saint Augustine's principle: it is in the inner man that truth dwells.

By that time, Hammarskjöld had become a high-ranking civil servant who deals with people of importance in his country and abroad. In fact, he is an important personage, and a success. His aim is to steer a course away from self-flattery and self-abasement. Keeping his journal helps him maintain a close relationship between what he does and its impact on his inner self. "Never let success hide its emptiness from you, achievement its nothingness, toil its desolation. And so keep alive the incentive to push on further, that pain in the soul which drives us beyond ourselves. Whither? That I don't know. That I don't ask to know." He knows how narrow are the confines of man's intelligence and will, but he knows also that there is no substitute for man's freedom: "We are not permitted to choose the frame of our destiny. But what we put into it is ours. He who wills adventure will experience it—according to the measure of his courage."

By acknowledging the frame of his destiny, man can play a meaningful role as part of a whole he can in no way remotely encompass. This does not mean the obliteration of one's ego in the paralyzing acceptance of God's infinity: ". . . through me there flashes this vision of a magnetic field in the soul, created in a timeless present by unknown multitudes, living in holy obedience, whose words and actions are a timeless prayer."

Still he wonders whether his belonging to that multitude "living in holy obedience" is not jeopardized by his loneliness. He is never reconciled to it, nor is he inclined to pride himself on it. But he never has doubts about God or, for all his smallness and fallibility, about man: "God does not die on the day when we cease to believe in a personal deity, but we die on the day when our lives cease to be illumined by the steady radiance, renewed daily, of a wonder, the source of which is beyond all reason . . . . at the frontier of the unheard-of." Pitifully small, short-lived, tentative as he is, man can still justify his existence: "This dizziness in the face of *les espaces infinis*—only overcome if we dare to gaze into them without any protection. And accept them as the reality before which we must justify our existence. For this is the truth we must reach to live, that everything *is* and we just in it."

THIS WAS the man who, in 1953, was elected Secretary-General of the United Nations. In the long watch he kept over himself he had acquired a skill that never relaxed in overconfidence. He knew that in the negotiations with God he could never reach a settlement for himself, with all risks covered and fringe benefits. But now a miracle had occurred: the ultimate frame had been chosen for his destiny. It was at that time that he wrote: "Not I, but God in me. . . . I am the vessel. The draught is God's. And God is the thirsty one." There was a horrified outcry when these words became known. That man took himself for Christ, it was said. But is there any



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other way to be a Christian if not by reliving Christ?

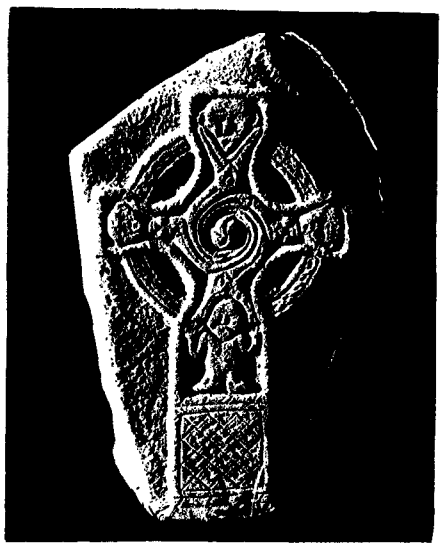
A man whose faith in God is the center of his being finds himself called to a position of formidable responsibility. Is he then supposed to ask God please to leave him alone and mind His heavenly business? Should Hammarskjöld have disqualified himself for the highest office in an international community supposed to be dedicated to the brotherhood of men because of his belief in a common Father?

"To be, in faith, both humble and proud: that is, to *live*, to know that in God I am nothing, but that God is in me." From that time Dag Hammarskjöld gave all of himself to the unfolding of the principles inherent in the Charter. He must, as he said, *live* fully, say Yes to life, aware of his limitations and inadequacies, but also of the good that through him could make itself felt in human affairs. He, the believer in a universal order of things all stemming from God, had become the chief executive of a political institution that was the closest approximation to universality on earth. Still ill defined and frail, it had two distinctive features: it aimed at peace, and beyond it there was nothing but chaos.

The two realms, the two universals, that of infinity and that other which, at best, could only be a makeshift imitation, were demanding all Hammarskjöld could give. He belonged totally to them both, and from the start never confused the one with the other. "Strapped" as he was "into the strait jacket of the immediate," he found in his inner life the freedom he needed to pursue his worldly assignment. Even his loneliness had prepared him for the loneliness of high office.

He remained the same Dag Hammarskjöld, as intolerant of loneliness as in the time of his adolescence. "Even in the most intense activity, this feeling of unreality—in you who have never come 'close' to another." But for the man who as Secretary-General had inescapable obligations to an immense number of human beings, there was little use moaning any longer about loneliness, and the strict guardian of himself increased his vigilance: "The 'great' commitment all too easily obscures the 'little' one. But without the humility and warmth which you have to develop in your relations to the few with whom you are personally involved, you will never be able to do anything for the many. Without them, you will live in a world of abstractions, where your solipsism, your greed for power, and your deathwish lack the one opponent which is stronger than they—love." Death, too, that old companion of Dag Hammarskjöld, had, for the Secretary-General, become much closer yet less obsessive. "In the old days, Death was always one of the party. Now he sits next to me at the dinner table: I have to make friends with him."

His duties made it even more imperative for him to re-enact in his inner conscience his public actions and weigh them according to ethical criteria. Only thus could he reassert the primacy of the inner over the outer that had been the imperative of his adult life; only thus could he cut himself down to size. "While performing the part which is truly ours, how exhausting it is to be obliged to play a role which is not



ours: the person you must really be in order to fulfill your task, you must not appear to others to be, in order to be allowed by them to fulfill it." "The most dangerous of all moral dilemmas: when we are obliged to conceal truth in order to help the truth to be victorious."

In the highest office, more than during the years when, unknowingly, he was making his way toward it, he learned to be, at least at times, at ease with himself. He was not ashamed of his awkwardness in facing the infinitely complex issues on which he had to test his authority: "How dead can a man be behind a façade of great ability, loyalty—and ambition! Bless your uneasiness as a sign that there is still life in you." He never thought that the Secretary-General of the United Nations had any obligation to strut around all the problem areas of the world and make definitive pronouncements on every unsolved international difficulty. Over and over again, he could do his best by reflecting for the eyes of troubled statesmen the inner light that came from his quiet, all-embracing understanding:

> Understand—through the stillness,
> Act—out of the stillness,
> Conquer—in the stillness.

THERE IS LITTLE in *Markings* about Dag Hammarskjöld's work as chief executive of the United Nations, as the man whose function it was to filter antagonisms by putting himself between the opposing parties and preventing the spread of hatred. He tells us nothing about his contributions to history but only about some of the procedures he developed in encompassing the difference between opponents. His greatest reliance was in the normative potential of sometimes modest precedents he had established. "You can only hope to find a lasting solution to a conflict if you have learned to see the other objectively, but, at the same time, to experience his difficulties subjectively."

In this book, where he could afford to present his own ideas without consultation with any multinational committee, there is no evidence that he ever had any taste for blueprints of an eternal order, or rallying cries for crusades, or the concoction of new covenants. He knew what was God's and what was man's, and most specifically what was demanded of Dag Hammarskjöld by his office. He had to give all of himself, with complete selflessness, to the limit of his capacities and beyond. Sometimes in complete exhaustion he would have to summon the energy that would be his tomorrow. Had not Christ done just this?

The growth of the sense and love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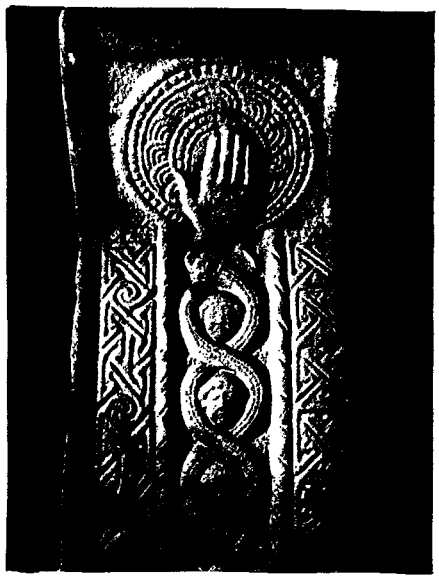
of Christ is one of the most striking features of this book. In an entry dated two years before he became Secretary-General, there is a distressing passage about a young man, "adamant in his committed life," who feels that his life is in danger, that he may be dying for nothing, but then turns out to be the sacrificial Lamb and the founder of a new fellowship. Though the history of Christ is briefly summarized in this short sermon, Christ is missing. Hammarskjöld himself had doubts about this entry. From then on, and particularly from the time he became Secretary-General, he knew that the way of the Cross marks the truest cycle of human experience. His faith can dispense with the prospect of an ultimate reward: "Would the Crucifixion have had any sublimity or meaning if Jesus had seen Himself crowned with the halo of martyrdom? What we have later added was not there for Him. And we must forget all about it if we are to hear His commands."

From his belief he drew his sense of proportion in facing his worldly as well as his spiritual responsibilities. Nothing was his but what God had entrusted to him. His being could reach a balance between its own limitations and the unknowable only seldom and only for brief moments. But these were moments of eternity.

He was burning himself out, and never complained: "You are not the oil, you are not the air—merely the point of combustion, the flashpoint where the light is born." Death, his old companion, is closing in, but far from being afraid or seeking a reprieve, he reformulates with the greatest vigor all his fundamental beliefs. He who has always seen so clearly the precariousness of the human condition wants to tell us, as if he knew it was for the last time, that "Only in man has the evolution of the creation reached the point where reality encounters itself in judgment and choice. Outside of man, the creation is neither good nor evil."

In the late spring of the year he died he wrote: "I don't know Who —or what—put the question, I don't know when it was put. I don't even remember answering. But at some moment I did answer *Yes* to Someone—or Something—and from that hour I was certain that existence is meaningful and that, therefore, my life, in self-surrender, had a goal."

YES, Dag Hammarskjöld has provided us with the only true "profile" of himself. The signposts of his moments of grace together with the signposts of his deepest miseries are in this book. Several years before his death he wrote: "To let the inner take precedence over the outer, the soul over the world—wherever this may lead you." He did all a man can do for the world, yet he never failed to take his guidance from the "inner." The book



only hints at some of the marks left on his spirit by the political vicissitudes of the U.N., and these marks are far more authentic and enduring than the events which produced them, for they are imprinted on a stuff immune to the vagaries of faction or of time.

Perhaps we can hazard some guess as to the cause that ultimately brought death to Hammarskjöld. Possibly, toward the end of his life, he came to realize how, in the facsimile of universality that had been entrusted to him, there were forces tirelessly working to destroy him and the organization itself. There were men at the head of a number of powerful and not so powerful countries who could not help hating what they could not understand—most of all the duality and interdependence of inner and outer life. Somehow such people had come to feel that Dag Hammarskjöld, who had never boasted about his faith nor hidden it, was a Christian whose mind was imbued by the thinking of Pascal.

Irrespective of their ignorance of Christ and of Pascal, these men were bound to hate Hammarskjöld. And in a horrid way they were right: for the notion of universality Hammarskjöld ceaselessly pursued is the core of the West. In the truest sense it is ecumenical, based on the great religions of the West—a universality that is not a name for promiscuity or indifference. Perhaps it is amazing how long it took for the haters of the West to realize what had made Dag Hammarskjöld the man he was. When the spell broke, he met loneliness at a newer, final dimension.

Hammarskjöld lived up to his word. He left us in his "white book" some of his prayers. *Markings,* which tells us so little about Hammarskjöld's life, tells us all about Hammarskjöld. He drew his own profile according to the most disciplined criteria of abstract art.

THE PUBLIC RESPONSE has been as extraordinary as the book itself. Best-sellers attract all manner of readers, but unquestionably the number of people who have been stirred by this book must be very, very great. In the English-speaking countries its success has been in no way spoiled by W. H. Auden's condescending, schoolteacherish introduction, or perhaps one should say book review, which presumes to give blue and red marks to Hammarskjöld and which informs us that he was not a genius, and probably, according to economists, no equal to Lord Keynes. The Auden book review has led a large number of people to consider as mysticism what is Christian ethics at its best. In our times anyone who cares about religion on weekdays too and is not a professional man of God is called a mystic.

But not Auden, not the reviews that present the reader with variations on his themes, have slowed the wide, ever-growing acceptance of this book. All through his life, Dag Hammarskjöld was tortured by loneliness and never gave up the struggle to find relief from it. Shortly after his death he succeeded.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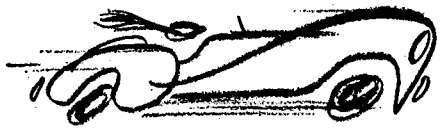

# When the Cows Came Home

**DEREK MORGAN**

EVERYONE is working hard at changing things in England today. Working-class chaps can be seen doing the *Times* crossword puzzle, recently an English boxer stayed awake for fifteen rounds, and only the other day I heard the band of the Brigade of Guards playing "Thank Heaven for Little Girls." Not all the changes are so radical, but washing machines and bingo and all the paraphernalia of good living are transforming the country, and the commonest three words in England today are "Road Works Ahead."

Until a few years ago the English had never built any roads at all. Those that did exist had been made by Romans and cows. The Romans were good at it, and their roads still run like arrows, linking the northern fortresses to Londinium and Gaul and sunshine; fifteen hundred years after their departure the English were still faithfully keeping Roman roads in repair. The cows were more erratic, but the English gave equal attention to their most prodigal creations. All over England today the road you are driving on is likely at the very next bend to turn into a fantasy of retrogressive spirals that presumably commemorate some heavy summer's evening centuries ago, when a drover, full of cider and free of care, reeled helplessly after his churning herd, while even his dog got fed up with it and sat down to sulk.

It was not until motorcars had been good-temperedly but confusedly reeling around the same circles for some fifty years that the English began to build roads for themselves. Like the cows, they are not too good at it, and that fact, coupled with the nature of the English driver, has produced some of the most remarkable driving conditions in the world.

The average English driver learned to drive some time after his reflexes had slowed. There is none of that instinctive nonsense about him. He has approached the business of driving his little car with the cautious solemnity of an elderly nun exploring comparative religion. He will know all sorts of exotic information about turning circles and tappet clearances. He will not let you drive his car and will be a little awed if you let him drive yours. Once on the road, he will proceed with an implacable timidity that will produce high drama every few miles. As often as not he will wear driving gloves, and sometimes a hat with a little feather in it. He has not realized that in interior heating his little car is considerably more advanced than his house, and in winter he will sit behind his wheel, sweating heavily, dressed as if for a stroll to the North Pole.

HE IS extremely proud of his driving skill. He will point out that an automatic transmission takes the fun out of driving (much as gasoline took the fun out of Conestoga wagoning, perhaps) but if he can afford one, he will have it. On weekends he sits patiently in his gloves in long queues of traffic on one of the main roads out of London while the streets all around him are completely deserted. If you try to edge out of a side road into his idling stream of traffic, he will carefully nose you out with the self-satisfaction of one who has passed Jim Clark on the last lap at Monza. If you find yourself stuck behind a stopped bus or in the wrong lane to turn off, he will in no circumstances let you out. He expects no better from you, and if you do wave him ahead in a similar situation, he will become flustered, crash his gears, and sometimes even stall his engine, for he is as submissive at a disadvantage as he is tenacious with an advantage. When traffic permits, he will travel at forty-five in built-up areas where the speed limit is thirty, and at forty-five on the open road where there is no speed limit at all, talking earnestly to his passengers about other drivers around him and the magnitude of his task.

In all justice, it is not an easy one. Apart from fragments of motorway, the average English main road has one lane in each direction and it winds unceasingly. Those who complain that the turnpikes have destroyed the interest of traveling in the United States should be well pleased to discover that no hamlet is left off the itinerary of some of the most heavily traveled industrial arteries of England, and no ancient cattle path is considered too humble to convey the massive trucks of modern commerce.

TRAFFIC proceeds in a sort of train formation: the trucks ply along at intervals of half a mile or so and each gathers a train of little cars behind it, all busily jostling in and out, wondering if their little engines are powerful enough to take them past the car in front before the bend ahead—or past the truck itself for a few moments of gleeful freedom before they come to the next one. If you average more than thirty miles an hour over any distance, you have been taking chances that will eventually get you killed.

It is impossible to travel for more than a few miles anywhere in the country without coming upon a "Road Works Ahead" sign. This has no exact significance. It may mean that someone has forgotten to take it away. It may mean that there's someone up ahead drinking tea between stints of sweeping up leaves. Or it may mean that five yards around the next bend your lane of roadway disappears into a six-foot hole.

Every bend in an English road is adventure, with or without a Road Works sign to whet the interest. Farm vehicles, for instance, have every bit as much right to the



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Queen's highway as Bentleys, and some of my own most clearly imprinted motoring memories are of leading a swarm of little cars, suddenly released from the last truck and with their little hearts beating like mad, round a steep curve to find a tractor pulling a sharp-looking attachment dead ahead of me and a large truck with its train coming the other way.

Times like these—if you survive them with nothing worse than pallor—are good occasions to stop for a cup of tea or more petrol. The "or" is important, because there are very few places in England where you can get both at the same time. People who want to buy petrol, have a snack, make a telephone call, and wash up are usually obliged to make four separate stops.

THE ENGLISH have always been fond of team games, and the occasional three-lane road offers great opportunities. Barring road works and cyclists, you can usually count on having the inside lane for your team; you leave the outside one pretty much to your opponents. The middle lane is the one you fight for. What you need for this is a fool, and sooner or later you always turn one up. After miles of subjection to a plow, I've volunteered myself. When you have your fool, send him out into the first gap in the middle lane and all crowd in behind him. If the other side has a fool too, the game can end in tears. If they don't, you'll take over the middle lane. Now it's all a question of what kind of car your fool has. If it's an Aston Martin, he's likely to forget all about his team and rush off to try and score all by himself. You'll eventually catch him up again behind a double-parked combination harvester or something, but for the moment he may have left the lane in the keeping of someone who may not be a fool at all. In that case you'll soon lose it again. If the fool is more modestly equipped, however, he can lead you triumphantly as far as the next Road Works sign.

Or as far as the next "roundabout." Roundabouts are traffic circles with a difference. The difference is that there is no generally accepted rule of precedence for the converging streams. The idea of alternate feed has presumably been rejected because it would spoil the fun. As a result, the little cars divide themselves up into teams again—as many teams as there are intersecting roads—and almost literally wrestle for the right of way in a slow-motion struggle. If there's any volume of traffic, the wait can be half an hour. Recently the traffic planners have introduced a curious new rule at some busy roundabouts by putting up signs saying "Give Way to Traffic from Right." If these are observed in rush hours, traffic from left might as well bring sandwiches.

Roundabouts can be enjoyed all over the country, but fittingly you have to come to London for the ultimate. The best places to watch it are Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch. At both there are several intersecting streams, sometimes two or three cars wide, and things have been arranged so that every stream in the very nature of its supposed destination has to cross every other stream.

But *some* of those Road Works signs must mean something, and Americanization is slowly seeping in. Staggered traffic lights, for instance, have made their appearance in London's Oxford Street, working every bit as efficiently as anywhere in New York. The only difficulty here seems to be one of imperfect understanding: whereas the signals in New York are timed, at least in theory, to allow you to pass every light, the ones in London are timed to stop you at every light.

On the open road, too, the signs of change are to be seen. There are now one or two service stations where all the blessings of Howard Johnson's are to be found. They are crowded with English people wandering bemusedly among the toilets and sausage rolls, agog with a sense of transatlantic miracle.

And, of course, there are the motorways. Last year alone a total of eight and a quarter miles were opened. It's a pretty inexorable business, and our great-great-grandchildren may well be the last to use the Emperor Hadrian's roads to bring textiles and machinery from the North, or to maintain communications between London and the Welsh steel mills over tracks laid down by those long-ago digested cows.

# The Jazz Revolution

**NAT HENTOFF**

TWENTY YEARS AGO, jazz was in a state of civil war. A small nucleus of musicians, a couple of critics, and some lay hipsters were heralding such innovators as Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk, who, they proclaimed, had liberated the music from the circular limitations of the swing era. Older musicians, most of the critics, and the jazz audience belligerently questioned whether these newly complicated harmonies, jagged melodies, and slipperily shifting rhythms were jazz at all. In addition, the dissident majority deplored what it termed the "intellectualization" of the music and warned that if the Parkers and Monks were to prevail, jazz would become emotionally arid.

Today Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk are in the jazz pantheon with Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington. A new avant-garde has meanwhile emerged, and some of the older musicians, many of the critics, and much of the jazz audience are accusing this generation of experimenters of being anarchic and overly intellectual, more concerned with solving technical problems than with telling a story.

BUT today's beleaguered innovators have further problems. Their predecessors, at the start of *their* revolution, at least were able to work in urban Negro neighborhoods as well as on New York's now de-jazzed Fifty-second Street. But



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## THE REPORTER

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the current avant-garde, also predominantly Negro, has stirred minimal interest in the Negro night clubs. Thus, the present revolutionaries have even fewer places in which to play than did Monk and Parker; they are rarely found outside New York's lower East Side and Greenwich Village.

In addition, the participants in what has come to be known as "the new thing" are creating their music on a foundation of seeming paradoxes that confuse the casual listener who is so prepared to find their work "difficult" that he doesn't actually listen to all its elements. Technically, many of these players are formidable. Most have either studied at conservatories or have assiduously taught themselves total command of their instruments. At the same time, however, the sounds they produce are often as whoopingly, explosively "illegitimate" as those of the earliest, wholly untrained jazz musicians sixty years ago. An Ornette Coleman (*Ornette!,* Atlantic 1378, stereo S-1378), for instance, erupts in a cascade of speechlike cries, squawks, and moans. So does the fiercely intense tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp (*Four for Trane,* Impulse A-71, Stereo S-71). And Albert Ayler, another tenor player (*Spiritual Unity,* ESP 1002M, 180 Riverside Drive, New York), sounds as if he has been invaded by the gift of tongues.

Their contention is that no sound, no matter how "unmusical" in the traditional sense, is alien to the goal of excavating one's deepest feelings in the act of improvisation. Nor is any other means of making music alien. Trombonist Grachan Moncur III, who has studied at Juilliard, asserts: "If it's necessary to use an extended technique to express what I'm trying to say, I'll do it. If I have to bang on a dishpan with a stick, I'll do that too."

THE CHARGE that these revolutionists are mesmerized by technique alone is not at all borne out by their music. Even when their pieces are not clearly programmatic, these players are deeply involved, as all the best jazzmen have been, in variations of self-portraits and in distillations of particular moods, people, and places. "Every tune I've written so far," Moncur once explained, "has a meaning and a story within it that I want the whole group to capture." And in his album, *Some Other Stuff* (Blue Note 4177, stereo 84177), those stories range from a description of his mischievous twin brothers to "Thandiwa," a Zulu-entitled evocation of love.

Another apparent paradox in the avant-garde is that while its diversified members are being charged with losing touch with jazz roots, they are moving back toward complex African rhythms that were part of the earliest elements that led to jazz. The jazz beat reached its most smoothly simplified stage during the swing period of the 1930's and has been becoming more free ever since, acceleratingly so in the work of such present innovators as the astonishingly resourceful nineteen-year-old drummer Tony Williams (*Life Time,* Blue Note 4180, stereo 84180).

Liberated from the limitations of an explicit, clearly marked beat, the explorers have also become more melodically free by jettisoning the conventional chord structures of the past, including the recent past. Instead, many prefer to base their improvisations on spare scalar patterns and modes so that, without a firmly patterned harmonic route for their melodies, they are challenged to be as imaginative as they can. A bristling illustration of this kind of breakthrough in the playing of an alto saxophonist who grew up in the shadow of Charlie Parker is Jackie McLean's *Let Freedom Ring* (Blue Note 4106, stereo 84106). Others are fascinated by dense harmonic designs, but they too have no patience with traditional chordal approaches. They use tone clusters and pyramids of scales and also experiment with the further possibilities of color mixing through juxtapositions of instrumental textures. In this regard, pianist-composer Cecil Taylor (*Café Montmartre,* Fantasy 6014, stereo 86014) is the most original of the avant-gardists. Far from being emotionally arid, his playing is as scorching as that of any of the earlier jazz swingers.

TO MOST club owners and booking agents, all this asymmetrical, relentlessly startling, and often harshly aggressive improvising is hard to link with their preconceptions of what jazz ought to be. In the early 1940's, the aggrieved cry of the antimodernists was "Where's the melody?" Today it's "Where's the beat and the 'happy sound'?" (As if Bessie Smith, Sidney Bechet, and Pee Wee Russell were ever all that "happy.") A few of the independent record companies, notably Blue Note and the new ESP label, are taking a

## Naming the Bones

Neatly labeled, picked naked as stones,
he backed the children up with his strung bones,
dancing a bit. Holes where his eyes had been
stood ajar, horror crawled out and in,
but I had no choice, so I stepped up, named in full
his metacarpals, scapula, clavicle,
shook his hand while pointing out with gravity
the greater and the lesser sigmoid cavity,
whirled him round like a bird cage, front to back,
gave a swat to his sacroiliac
until, wrapped in his Greek and Latin shroud,
he made our dangling mandibles clack loud.
How we laughed, riding our knotted white
spines, our straddling thigh bones out of sight
of his egg shell grin at our strung bones,
neatly labeled, picked naked as stones.

—NANCY PRICE

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chance on the innovators; they remember that although records by Parker and Monk didn't sell well when first issued, they turned into annuities as the modern-jazz vanguard became the jazz establishment.

But records are not enough, either in terms of income or with regard to any jazzman's need to relate to a live audience to find out how much of what he is trying to say gets through. Accordingly, a group of New York's most committed avant-gardists have decided to organize themselves for work. The Jazz Composers Guild, including Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp, has already given two series of concerts and operates on weekends in a room over the Village Vanguard on lower Seventh Avenue.

They intend eventually to buy their own building, produce their own recordings, and sell them by mail or lease the albums to other firms. The attendance at Guild concerts has convinced the members that there is an audience for their music. This public (composed mainly of college students, painters, and writers) finds night clubs too expensive and musically too insubstantial. The Jazz Composers Guild, therefore, thinks its hope of survival may lie in adding to its New York base a series of college tours and bookings at the more venturesome of the cultural centers now proliferating around the country.

"It has come down to the fact," Cecil Taylor told me, "that we are going to have to make ourselves available. We've made our own way in music, and we'll have to make our own way in reaching our audience." Few of these revolutionaries expect to get rich. The day of the jazz "star" —Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Miles Davis—who is able to attract a broad public appears to be over. The music of the new avant-garde, its practitioners believe, is too insistently challenging, and therefore disturbing, ever to be widely accepted. "I expect," said Taylor, "that within the next five years, I should be making what a good chamber-music player gets. And that will be quite a change." At thirty-two, Taylor has been building a strongly personal body of jazz work for more than ten years, and he has yet to have to pay an income tax.

BOOKS

# Rescuing Jane Austen

**AILEEN WARD**

JANE AUSTEN: A STUDY OF HER ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENT, by A. Walton Litz. *Oxford. $5.75.*

Jane Austen's "little bit (two Inches wide) of Ivory" on which she worked with so fine a brush has been till recently a battleground for admirers and detractors; it may yet become the point of a needle for critics to dance on. In the last few decades, as her rank among the very greatest English novelists has been settled beyond dispute, the problem has been to rescue her from her most devoted readers. As E. M. Forster remarked not so long ago, the "Janeites" enjoy her for the wrong reasons: "Like all regular church-goers they scarcely notice what is being said." Writers on Jane Austen were then concocting quizzes on such subjects as the number of nursemaids that Isabella Knightley brought with her to Hartfield. But recent critics have looked beneath the smiling surface of her comedy and discovered new depths of value: her economic and social insight, her psychological complexity, her critical self-awareness, her achievement of an organic structure and an ironic method new in English fiction. She has emerged both as a pioneer of the modern novel and as a subversive commentator on her society, subtly undermining all that the Janeites hold most dear.

THE QUESTION that Mr. Litz now raises is whether it is time for a revaluation of these revaluations in favor of the more traditional values embodied in her work. He does not reject this recent criticism; he builds on it, and the result is a clear perspective on the critical perspective itself. At the same time, he clarifies the relationship not only between Jane Austen's work and her predecessors' but also between the various stages of her career, by tracing the steady development of her fictional aims from the precocious and delightful *Volume the First* to the unfinished *Sanditon*. From his analysis of the extravagances of the sentimental and Gothic novels which the teen-aged writer burlesqued in her *Juvenilia*, we can measure the astonishing distance the English novel traversed during her writing life and gauge her contribution to the serious critical consideration it was beginning to receive at the time of her death. As F. R. Leavis has said, her relation to tradition is a creative one: "She not only makes tradition for those coming after, but . . . creates the tradition we see leading down to her." Mr. Litz concentrates on Jane Austen's implied criticism of her fictional tradition and her innovations in fictional form: her development of the "close texture" and unitary form demanded by Henry James in his *The Art of Fiction*, as well as her use of a central consciousness and the alternation of "scene" and "picture" which he embodied in his own work.

But this study also points up other more substantive connections with her predecessors and successors. During the century after her death, the highest praise critics could bestow on Jane Austen was to compare her with Shakespeare. It is perhaps more to the point to note her affinities with Cervantes and Flaubert, as Mr. Litz does in describing the double edge of her irony. Jane Austen's Emma has links with Don Quixote but still more strikingly with Emma Bovary; and to notice how in her later novels—most poignantly in


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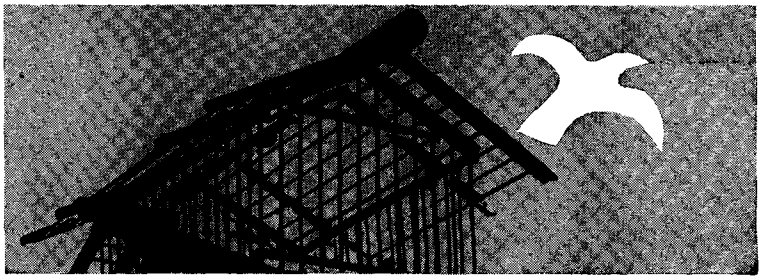

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*Persuasion*—the heroine confronts a crumbling moral and social order from which she feels increasingly isolated is to understand Jane Austen's role in creating the world of the nineteenth-century novel.

This study has a few of the defects of its virtues. Taken as separate discussions of the individual novels, rather than as steps in a developing thesis, the chapters may seem thin, even abstract. Litz's method is not so much to trace a major critical theme in detail through the novel under examination as to consider a series of critical problems it raises, with the answers of previous critics tested and corrected against his critical perspective. The chapter on *Pride and Prejudice* is a good example of this procedure. *Emma,* he admits, "yields least readily to generalized discussion" of all the novels, and this is "a mark of [its] greatness"; but he maintains that "many of the earlier works can be reduced to a scheme without grave injury." However meaningful such schematizing may be to the special student, the general reader may feel that it is criticism of criticism, too removed from the work itself to be significant in any compelling terms. As a critic of critics, Mr. Litz may also stress the critical element in Jane Austen's work at the expense of the creative—the attack on an earlier tradition rather than the creation of a new one. One wonders, for instance, about the motivation of the burlesque *Juvenilia*: how much they were conscious criticism of the excesses of her reading or even a groping toward new forms, and how much the spontaneous expression of an irrepressible comic vision of life through the literary medium available to her; a "private amusement" rather than a fictional "experiment," as Mr. Litz describes them.

Yet one must grant the critic's privilege of addressing himself to his own audience—admittedly here a selective one—and to shape his material to his own purposes. A test case in any study of Jane Austen must be the discussion of *Mansfield Park;* and in viewing this novel against his general thesis of her development Mr. Litz sheds significant new light on it. As part of her general critique of "fiction" through fiction, *Mansfield Park* is a necessary



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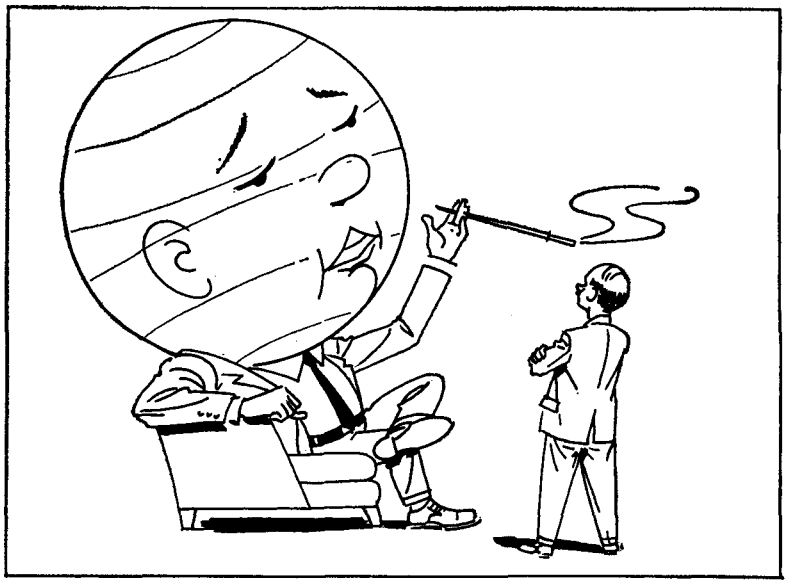

# Man Interviews World About Art

***WORLD:*** Don't you see, Man, if you want to understand Art, *study ME* — not the art works themselves. It's what happens right here on my surface that determines whether art works are "good" or "bad" — not the qualities of the art works themselves.

***MAN:*** You mean it's mainly a gamble.

***WORLD:*** Of course. Don't be so shocked. It's natural. When, as a result of a new invention, something becomes easy to do which was formerly hard to do — when sensations which had been rare become commonplace — thousands of previously "great" art works sink into oblivion. They become superfluous. What else could you expect? And accidents as to who does or does not get born and who does or does not survive can have even more far-reaching effects. For instance, let me tell you something about Mozart, whom you earthlings are so enthusiastic about just now. Eighteen men, practically duplicates of him were living on me at the same time he was. If they had all attained full achievement — instead of succumbing to various misfortunes — you would probably be referring to *Jupiter Symphony* as merely another mediocre musical composition among hundreds. An unusual case, you think? No more than countless others I have seen. Continents rise and fall; ice ages come and go; highly exceptional men make their appearance for no discernible reason. But don't draw the wrong conclusion. That doesn't mean I am completely unpredictable. I have certain trends and likelihoods. As I said, *Study me*, and you can learn to make fairly dependable short-term guesses about art, more or less as a meteorologist can in forecasting the weather. And with experience you can gradually do better and better.

***MAN:*** You mean there are no immortal art works which will be eternally beautiful, no matter what happens? But everybody says . . .

***WORLD:*** Please don't make me laugh too hard — I might explode through one of my extinct volcanoes. Well . . . it's been an interesting talk. You look cute in clothes. I remember you when you wore a tail and nothing else. Goodbye, and don't let the "wise guys" bluff you any more.

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"Language greatly used has all the sanction of a sacrament: the race is as incapable of forgetting a great poem as it is of losing its last wish under the stars."

"No words that man can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer."

## "Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

No branch of knowledge ever accomplished anything useful so long as it was dominated by mystic-minded men. Astronomy had to get rid of the astrologer; Medicine of the witch-doctor; Meteorology of the fellow who claimed he could forecast the weather for May 10th, five years ahead. Art is the same way. Until it eliminates the "clairvoyant" men who put on exhibitionistic rantings such as those quoted below (all by famous critics) it will remain in its present state of quackery — and you will remain the slick-talker's easy mark. This does not mean that you deny that experts may know more about art than you do. It means that you deny them the right to use that knowledge to brainwash you instead of to instruct you.

## Conjecturism

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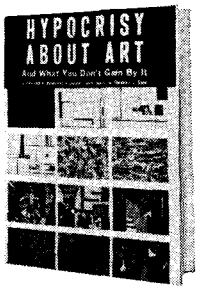


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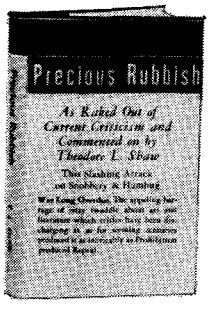


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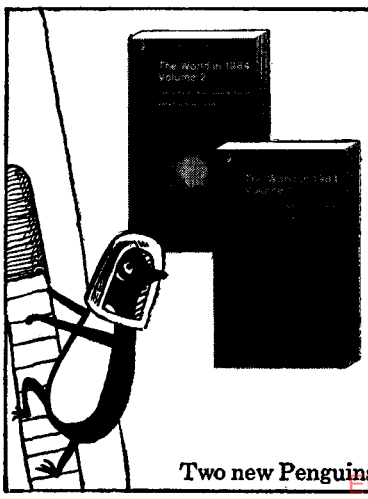

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step between the fictional triumph of *Pride and Prejudice* and the far more mature examination of "fiction" in *Emma*. The chapter on *Emma*, which gives the closest reading of any of the novels, reveals most clearly this novel's special success—the achievement of the Jamesian ideal of living form. (One cannot help wishing, however, that Mr. Litz had faced the critical problem of James's own disparagement of Jane Austen.) Finally, the analysis of *Sanditon*, that puzzling fragment of satire on which Jane Austen worked in the last months of her life evidently as a defense against illness and depression, is a moving comment on her courage and vitality. Even here, she was experimenting with new material, new artistic effects, while redirecting her old ironic attitude toward her own invalidism. This study of Jane Austen's artistic development shows her as one of those truly great artists who continue to develop to the very end.

# A Wise Man In Gotham

**ERIK WENSBERG**

NEW YORK PROCLAIMED, by V. S. Pritchett. Photographs by Evelyn Hofer. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $15.*

V. S. Pritchett has always been Dickensian. He is shamelessly prolific, his style is both light and energetic, his fiction an enchantment with human character. And since Dickens was a prowling omnivore of city sights and ways—he was maddened when the walking was bad—it is hardly surprising that Pritchett has turned out to be not only novelist, critic, and journalist but also one of the pre-eminent urban explorers of our time. Having given us surpassing interpretations of Spain, the Middle East, Eastern Europe, and his own London, he now presents New York.

The terminology of movies is apt. True, this New York book carries, as Pritchett's London volume did, the somewhat encroaching photographs of Evelyn Hofer, whose style,

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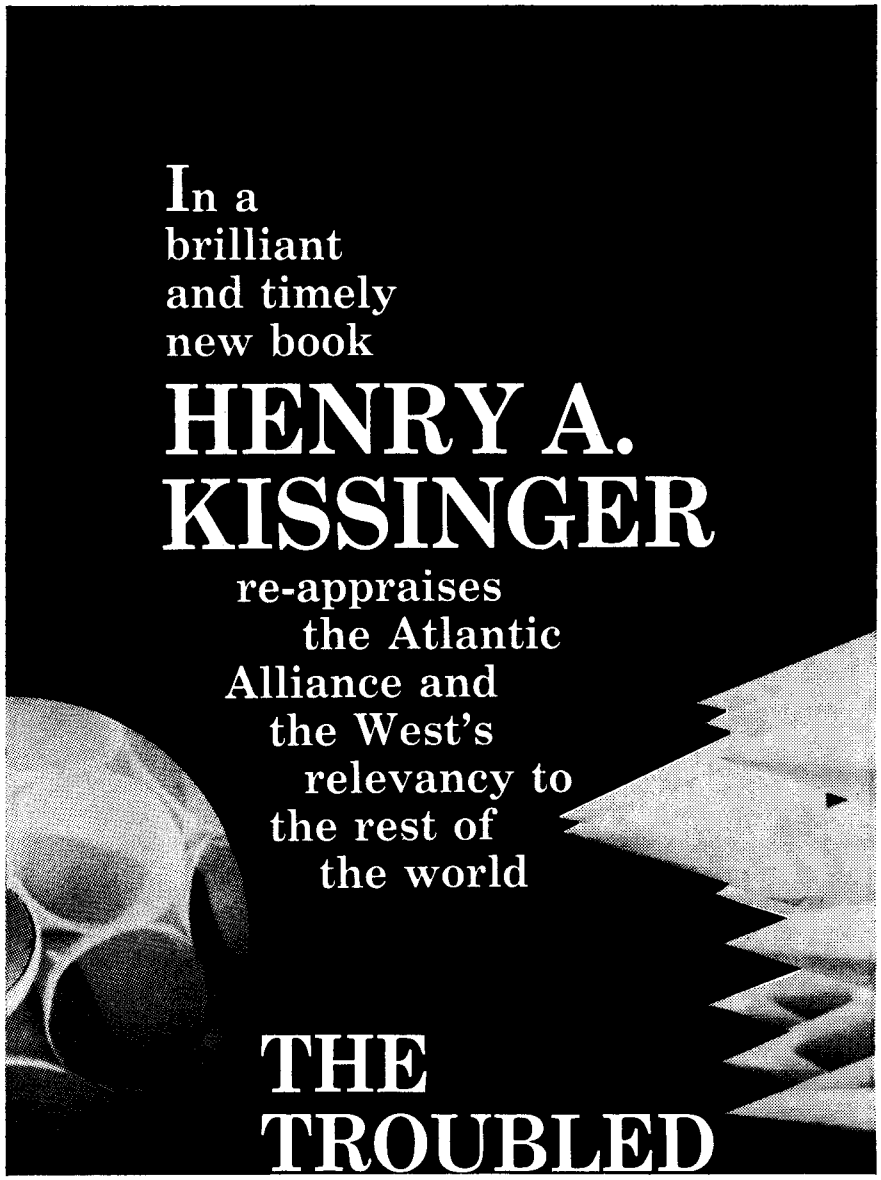
while splendid, renders its subjects very still indeed: hers is an odd view of city life. But Pritchett himself has developed a shifting, directorial form for these books which, by not ordering things neatly at all, allows the whole subject the fluidity that is its very meaning. Manners, history, architecture, weather, playings of the light, the disclosed fantasies of the inhabitants (he is uncanny on these) zoom in and out of the frame of his prose until our own sight must give over to his completely.

Pritchett shares one further quality with Dickens, an unquellably cordial response to energy in any form. Thus he finds that New York is a producer chiefly of *activity*. This is, of course, a truism. But who else has noticed not only one bum on the Bowery stop in mid-street and "scream in the manner of madness at the oncoming driver" but also that "New York is dotted with screamers on a scale I have seen in no other city in the world"? Who else has seen that New York has a tradition of heavy eating—not good or remarkably varied, but *heavy*? Even the energy of machines inspires Pritchett's responsive style to the perfect words: "[at night] there is light traffic on the highways, with its high, whipping, cat-gut whine. . . . I used to have the sensation of being flayed alive all night by knives whipping down Riverside Drive; it was not disagreeable."

To have once touched and accepted the fact, as Dickens, Chesterton, Poe, and Conrad did, that the essence of cities is a roiling, intricate, shadowed, inexhaustible play of human wills—not the icy, ignorant geometries of engineers and bankers—is to begin to see a city in detail, and in history.

PRITCHETT is a painless historian, suggesting not only the influences but also the qualities of the Dutch, the English, the Irish (starved to their bones in Ireland, the bones sedulously picked as they arrived in Manhattan), the Jews, the Italians, the Negroes, the Puerto Ricans. In Pritchett's telling, their diverse purposes take on the sweep and dignity of all great tribal migrations—while the singular, the deplorable, the zany detail regularly breaks through. One did not know that Captain Kidd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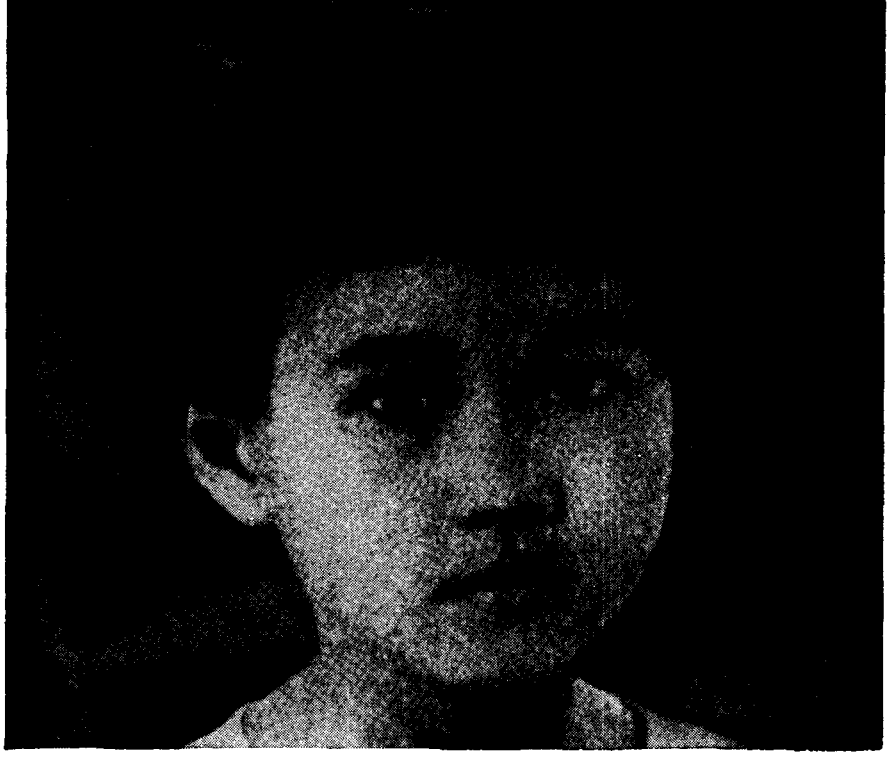

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worked out of Manhattan, or that a colonial governor, Lord Cornbury, was a majestic transvestite, or that in the early days of the Third Avenue Elevated, "girls, sitting in their windows, shot pistols at the passing trains."

For that matter, I had not known —is it true?—that a great number of hired chauffeurs in New York at present are members of the Fire Department who are moonlighting. I *had* known, but not allowed myself to realize, that a city of grid-pattern right angles and street-to-elevator perpendiculars breeds a mathematical precision of mind that can mark a man for life.

In his introduction to *The Offensive Traveller,* the collection of Middle Eastern, Middle European, and Spanish sketches he published last year, Pritchett observed that the travel writer gives offense to local people not by what he damns but by what he praises; if he does not know what to hate in a locale, it is thought that he can have no proper understanding of it. I first took this to be an amusing hyper but of course it is not. Numl ss New Yorkers will take vast reformist umbrage at how much the author enjoyed himself in Harlem, and I can barely suppress blue fury at certain of his approving remarks about Park Avenue as it is now.

But close-grained moralism has never produced great travel writing; it is more usually the product of snoopery, even dread, or else a natural gaiety. Pritchett has the last. At the close of a description of Greenwich Village he writes: ". . . the barmen and café proprietors, for once regardless of the dollar, claim to remember Dylan Thomas. You see the characters of Mr. Albee tearing each other to bits at the Cherry Lane; and inside the workshop of a marine engineer you can stand among the pipes of the organ that was once in the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Center while the owner plays 'Danny Boy' in a room above full of old English clocks and American four-posters."

I was there, as it happens, and the distinguished traveler did not simply stand among the organ pipes: he did a little jig step, after a minute, out of sheer enjoyment of that great noise.



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**American Airlines**

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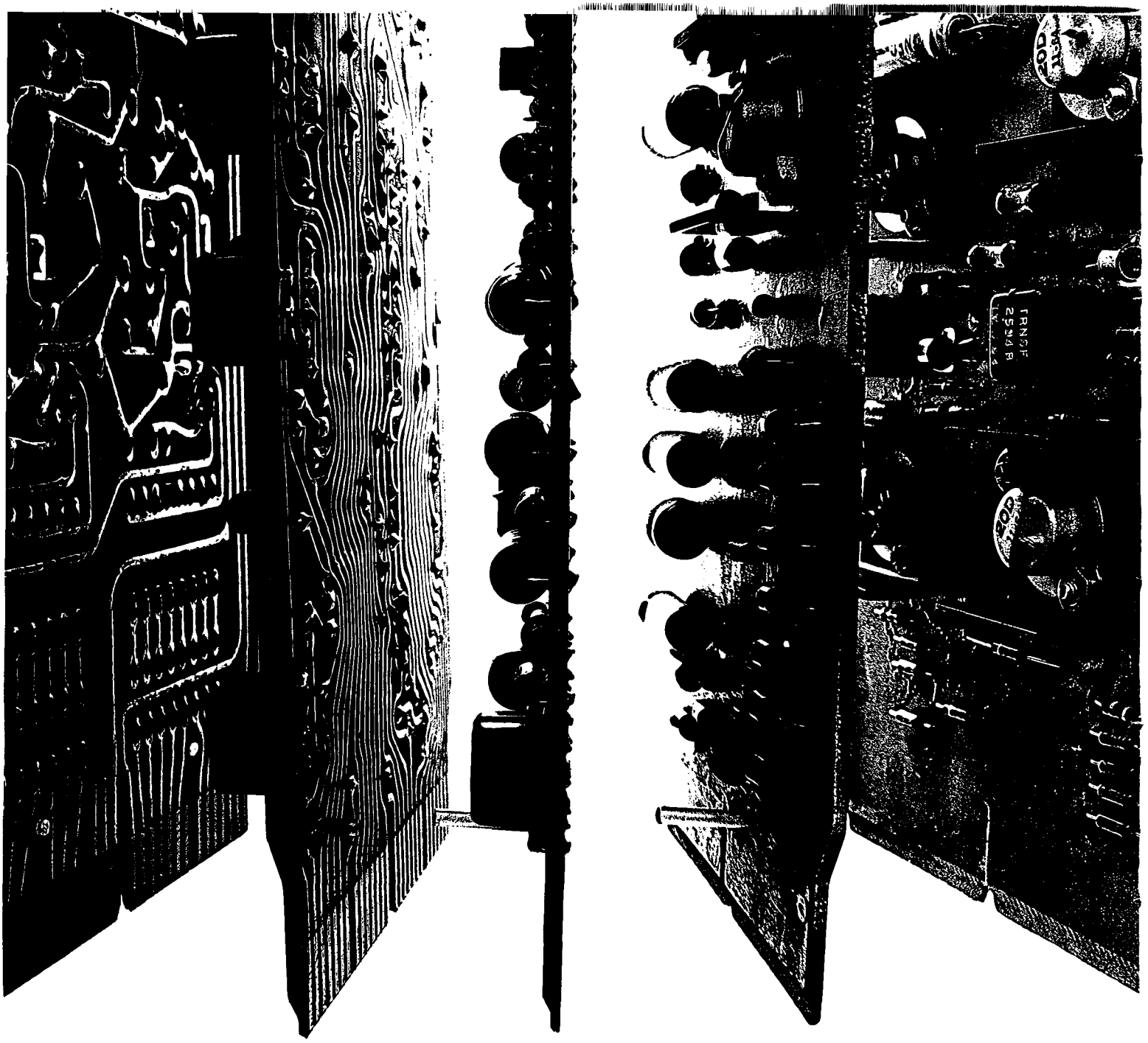

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